

English Minstrelsy  
V2:  
Being A Selection  
Of Fugitive Poetry  
From the Best English  
Authors, With Some  
Original Pieces  
Hitherto Unpublished  
(1810)



Sir Walter Scott



# ENGLISH MINSTRELSY.

BEING

A Selection of Fugitive Poetry

FROM THE

BEST ENGLISH AUTHORS;

WITH SOME

ORIGINAL PIECES

HERETO UNPUBLISHED.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

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—Such forms as glitter in the Muses' ray  
With orient hues. GRAY.

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1810.

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English Minstrelsy.

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VOL. II.

A



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## ENGLISH MINSTRELSY.

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### I.

A FRAGMENT.———MALLET.

---

FAIR morn ascends : soft zephyr's wing  
O'er hill and vale renews the spring :  
Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,  
Of balmy smell, of healing power,  
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,  
And breathe fresh life in every gale.  
Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,  
Where sweetly-pensive Silence reigns ;

And there, at utmost stretch of eye,  
 A mountain fades into the sky ;  
 While winding round, diffused and deep,  
 A river rolls with sounding sweep,  
 Of human art no traces near,  
 I seem alone with Nature here.

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health !  
 The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth !  
 The seasoning of all good below !  
 The sovereign friend in joy or woe !  
 O Thou, most courted, most despised,  
 And but in absence duly prized !  
 Power of the soft and rosy face !  
 The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,  
 The spirits when they gayest shine,  
 Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine !  
 O sun of life ! whose heavenly ray  
 Lights up and cheers our various day,  
 The turbulence of hopes and fears,  
 The storm of fate, the cloud of years,

Till Nature with thy parting light  
 Reposes late in Death's calm night :  
 Fled from the trophied roofs of state,  
 Abodes of splendid pain and hate ;  
 Fled from the couch, where in sweet sleep  
 Hot Riot would his anguish steep,  
 But tosses through the midnight shade,  
 Of death, of life, alike afraid ;  
 For ever fled to shady cell,  
 Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell,  
 Thou oft art seen, at early dawn  
 Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn :  
 Or on the brow of mountain high,  
 In silence feasting ear and eye,  
 With song and prospect, which abound  
 From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,  
 Flames forth intolerable day ;  
 While Heat sits fervent on the plain,  
 With Thirst and Languor in his train,

All nature sickening in the blaze :  
 Thou, in the wild and woody maze,  
 That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,  
 Impendent from the neighbouring steep,  
 Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,  
 Where breathing coolness has her seat.

There, plunged amid the shadows brown,  
 Imagination lays him down ;  
 Attentive, in his airy mood,  
 To every murmur of the wood :  
 The bee in yonder flowery nook,  
 The chidings of the headlong brook,  
 The green leaf shivering in the gale,  
 The warbling hill, the lowing vale,  
 The distant woodman's echoing stroke,  
 The thunder of the falling oak.  
 From thought to thought in vision led,  
 He holds high converse with the dead ;  
 Sages, or Poets. See, they rise !  
 And shadowy skim before his eyes.



Hark ! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,  
 That softened savages to men :  
 Lo ! Socrates, the Sent of heaven,  
 To whom it's moral will was given.  
 Fathers and friends of humankind,  
 They formed the nations, or refined,  
 With all that mends the head and heart,  
 Enlightening truth, adorning art.

While thus I mused beneath the shade,  
 At once the sounding breeze was laid ;  
 And Nature, by the unknown law,  
 Shook deep with reverential awe.  
 Dumb silence grew upon the hour,  
 A browner night involved the bower,  
 When issuing from the inmost wood,  
 Appeared fair Freedom's Genius good.  
 O Freedom ! sovereign boon of heaven !  
 Great charter with our being given !  
 For which the patriot and the sage  
 Have planned, have bled through every age,

High privilege of human race,  
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace :  
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,  
What but from God immediate came !

\* \* \* \* \*

## ODE TO SUMMER. ————— WARTON.

---

HENCE, iron-scepter'd Winter, haste  
 To bleak Siberian waste !  
 Haste to thy polar solitude ;  
     Mid cataracts of ice,  
 Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments  
         rude,  
     From many an airy precipice,  
 Where, ever beat by sleety showers,  
 Thy gloomy Gothic castle towers ;  
 Amid whose howling isles and halls,  
 Where no gay sun-beam paints the walls,

On ebony throne thou lovest to shroud  
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

Even now, before the vernal heat,  
Sullen I see thy train retreat :  
Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,  
That on a ravenous tyger rides,  
Dim-figured on whose robe are shewn  
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown :  
Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,  
In mantle clad of watchet hue :  
And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,  
Still threatening with his arrows keen ;  
And next, in furry coat embost  
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, farewell ! thy forests hoar,  
Thy frozen floods delight no more ;  
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild !  
But come, thou rose-cheek cherub mild,

Sweetest Summer ! haste thee here,  
Once more to crown the gladdened year.  
Thee April blithe, as long of yore,  
Bermudas' lawns he frolick'd o'er,  
With musky nectar-trickling wing,  
(In the new world's first dawning spring)  
To gather balm of choicest dews,  
And patterns fair of various hues,  
With which to paint, in changeful dye,  
The youthful earth's embroidery ;  
To cull the essence of rich smells,  
In which to dip his new-born bells ;  
There, as he skimm'd with pinions fleet,  
He found an infant, smiling sweet ;  
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd  
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.  
There on an amaranthine bed,  
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed ;  
Till soon beneath his forming care,  
You look'd a goddess debonair ;

And then he gave the blessed isle,  
 Aye to be swayed beneath thy smile :  
 There placed thy green and grassy shrine,  
 With myrtle bower'd and jessamine :  
 And to thy care the task assign'd  
 With quickening hand, and nurture kind,  
 His roseate infant-births to rear,  
 Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee, nymph ! and hand in hand  
 With thee lead a buxom band :  
 Bring fantastic-footed Joy,  
 With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy ;  
 Leisure, that through the balmy sky  
 Chases a crimson butterfly ;  
 Bring Health, that loves in early dawn  
 To meet the milk-maid on the lawn ;  
 Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,  
 Meek cottage-loving shepherdess !  
 And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,  
 Light, and for ever on the wing ;



Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean  
 On river margins, mossy green.  
 But who is she that bears thy train,  
 Pacing light the velvet plain ?  
 The pale pink binds her auburn hair,  
 Her tresses flow with pastoral air ;  
 'Tis May, the grace !—confest she stands  
 By branch of hawthorn in her hands :  
 Lo ! near her trip the lightsome Dews,  
 Their wings all tinged in iris-hues ;  
 With whom the powers of Flora play,  
 And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,  
 Has drest the groves in livery green,  
 When in each fair and fertile field  
 Beauty begins her bower to build ;  
 While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,  
 Puts her matron-mantle on,  
 And mists in spreading streams convey  
 More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay ;

Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet  
 Contemplation hoar to meet,  
 As slow he winds in museful mood,  
 Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood ;  
 As o'er old Avon's magic edge,  
 Whence Shakespeare cull'd the spiky sedge,  
 All playful yet, in years unripe,  
 To frame a shrill and simple pipe.  
 There, through the dusk but dimly seen,  
 Sweet evening objects intervene :  
 His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,  
 Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants ;  
 The woodman, speeding home, awhile  
 Rests him at a shady stile.  
 Nor wants there fragrance to dispense  
 Refreshment o'er my soothed sense ;  
 Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,  
 Nor grass besprent, to breathe perfume ;  
 Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet  
 To bathe in dew my roving feet :

Nor wants there note of Philomel,  
 Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell,  
 Nor lowings faint of herds remote,  
 Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot :  
 Rustle the breezes lightly borne  
 Or deep embattled ears of corn :  
 Round ancient elm with humming noise,  
 Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.  
 Meantime a thousand dyes invest  
 The ruby chambers of the west ;  
 That all aslant the village tower  
 A mild reflected radiance pour,  
 While, with the level-streaming rays  
 Far seen its arched windows blaze :  
 And the tall grove's green top is dight  
 In russet tints, and gleams of light :  
 So that the gay scene by degrees  
 Bathes my blithe heart in extasies ;  
 And Fancy to my ravish'd sight  
 Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.

At length the parting light subdues  
 My softened soul to calmer views,  
 And fainter shapes of pensive joy,  
 As twilight dawns, my mind employ,  
 Till from the path I fondly stray  
 In musings lapt, nor heed the way ;  
 Wandering through the landscape still,  
 Till melancholy has her fill ;  
 And on each moss-wove border damp,  
 The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the sun, at noon-tide hour,  
 Sits throned in his highest tower ;  
 Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess, lead  
 To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead :  
 To mix in rural mood among  
 The nymphs and swains, a busy throng ;  
 Or, as the tepid odours breathe,  
 The russet piles to lean beneath :  
 There as my listless limbs are thrown  
 On couch more soft than palace down,

I listen to the busy sound  
 Of mirth and toil that hums around ;  
 And see the team shrill-tinkling pass  
 Alternate o'er the furrowed grass.

But ever, after summer-shower,  
 When the bright sun's returning power  
 With laughing beam has chased the storm,  
 And cheer'd reviving Nature's form ;  
 By sweet-brier hedges, bathed in dew,  
 Let me my wholesome path pursue :  
 There issuing forth, the frequent snail  
 Wears the dank way with slimy trail,  
 While as I walk, from pearly bush  
 The sunny sparkling drop I brush,  
 And all the landscape fair I view  
 Clad in robe of fresher hue ;  
 And so loud the black-bird sings,  
 That far and near the valley rings.  
 From shelter deep of shaggy rock  
 The shepherd drives his joyful flock

From bowering beech the mower blithe  
 With new-born vigour grasps the scythe ;  
 While o'er the smooth unbounded meads  
 His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever, against restless heat,  
 Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,  
 O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak  
 Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock ;  
 Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,  
 Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone ;  
 Which, as they gush upon the ground,  
 Still scatter misty dew around :  
 A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,  
 Its side with mantling woodbines wove ;  
 Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,  
 Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells ;  
 Or noon-tide grot where Sylvan sleeps  
 In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,  
 While all without is scorch'd in day ;



Sore sighs the weary swain beneath  
 His withering hawthorn on the heath ;  
 The drooping hedger wishes eve,  
 In vain, of labour's short reprieve !  
 Mean time on Afric's glowing sands,  
 Smote with keen heat the traveller stands :  
 Low sinks his heart, while round his eye  
 Measures the scenes that boundless lie,  
 Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,  
 Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn  
 How does he wish some cooling wave  
 To slake his lips, or limbs to lave !  
 And thinks in every whisper low,  
 He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,  
 Dim temple of sage Solitude !  
 There within a nook most dark,  
 Where none my musing mood may mark,  
 Let me, in many a whispered rite,  
 The Genius old of Greece invite,

With that fair wreath my brows to bind,  
 Which for his chosen imps he twined,  
 Well nurtured in Pierian lore,  
 On clear Ilissus' laureat shore—  
 Till high on waving nest reclined,  
 The raven wakes my tranced mind !

Or to the forest-fringed vale  
 Where widowed turtles love to wail,  
 Where cowslips, clad in mantle meek,  
 Nod their tall heads to breezes weak :  
 In the midst, with sedges grey  
 Crowned, a scant rivulet winds its way,  
 And trembling through the weedy wreaths,  
 Around an oozy freshness breathes.  
 O'er the solitary green,  
 Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen :  
 Nor aught alarms the mute repose,  
 Save that by fits an heifer lows.  
 A scene might tempt some peaceful sage  
 To rear him a lone hermitage ;

Fit place his pensive eld might chuse  
On Virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon to appease,  
Some more romantic scene might please ;  
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,  
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn ;  
Or bower, in Vallambrosa's shade,  
By legendary pens pourtrayed.  
Haste let me shroud from painful light,  
On that hoar hill's ærial height,  
In solemn state, where, waving wide,  
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide  
The rugged vaults, and riven towers  
Of that proud castle's painted bowers,  
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,  
In Scotland's martial days of old,  
Descended from the stately feast,  
Begirt with many a warrior-guest,  
To quell the pride of Norway's king,  
With quivering lance and twanging string.

As through the caverns dim I wind,  
 Might I that holy legend find,  
 By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,  
 To teach enquiring later times,  
 What open force, or secret guile,  
 Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild Morn in saffron stole  
 First issues from her eastern goal,  
 Let not my due feet fail to climb  
 Some breezy summit's brow sublime,  
 Whence Nature's universal face  
 Illumined smiles with new-born grace.  
 The misty streams that wind below,  
 With silver-sparkling lustre glow ;  
 The groves, and castled cliffs appear  
 Invested all in radiance clear.  
 O ! every village-charm beneath !  
 The smoke that mounts in azure wreath !  
 O beauteous, rural interchange !  
 The simple spire, and elmy grange !

Content, indulging blissful hours,  
 Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,  
 And cattle roused to pasture new,  
 Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,  
 Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild :  
 Whene'er I view thy genial scenes,  
 Thy waving woods, embroidered greens,  
 What fires within my bosom wake,  
 How glows my mind the reed to take !  
 What charms like thine the muse can call,  
 With whom 'tis youth and laughter all ;  
 With whom each field's a paradise,  
 And all the globe a bower of bliss !  
 With thee conversing, all the day,  
 I meditate my lightsome lay.  
 These pedant cloisters let me leave  
 To breathe my votive song at eve,  
 In valleys where mild whispers use  
 Of shade and stream to court the muse.

While wandering o'er the brook's dim verge,  
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,  
And age shall give the tresses hoar,  
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,  
And make an humble thatch my home,  
Which sloping hills around enclose,  
Where many a beech and brown oak grows ;  
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers  
Its tides a far-famed river pours :  
By Nature's beauties taught to please,  
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease !  
Still grot of Peace ! in lowly shed  
Who loves to rest her gentle head.  
For not the scenes of Attic art,  
Can comfort care, or soothe the heart  
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,  
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind heaven, in pity lent,  
Send me a little and content ;



The faithful friend, and cheerful night,  
 The social scene of dear delight ;  
 The conscience pure, the temper gay,  
 The musing eve and idle day.  
 Give me beneath cool shades to sit,  
 Rapt with the charms of classic wit ;  
 To catch the bold heroic flame,  
 That built immortal Græcia's fame.  
 Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise  
 The solemn song to Britain's praise :  
 To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,  
 And paint heroic ancient deeds ;  
 To chant famed Arthur's magic tale,  
 And Edward, stern in sable mail ;  
 Or wandering Brutus' lawless doom,  
 Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet poesie,  
 Let me live true votary !  
 She shall lead me by the hand,  
 Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland !

She from her precious stores shall shed  
Ambrosial flowrets o'er my head :  
She, from my tender youthful cheek  
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,  
The secret and unpitied tear,  
Which still I drop in darkness drear.  
She shall be my blooming bride ;  
With her, as years successive glide,  
I'll hold divinest dalliance,  
For ever rapt in holy trance.

III.

PRAYER TO INDIFFERENCE.——MRS GREVILLE.

---

OFT I've implored the gods in vain,  
And prayed till I've been weary :  
For once I'll seek my wish to gain  
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy Being, wanton Sprite,  
Who livest in woods unseen ;  
And oft by Cynthia's silver light  
Trip'st gaily o'er the green ;

If e'er thy pitying heart was moved,  
     As ancient stories tell ;  
 And for the Athenian maid who loved,  
     Thou sought'st a wondrous spell,

O ! deign, once more to exert thy power !  
     Haply some herb or tree,  
 Sovereign as juice from western flower,  
     Conceals a balm for me :

I ask no kind return in love,  
     No tempting charm to please ;  
 Far from the heart such gifts remove,  
     That sighs for peace and ease !

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,  
     That, like the needle true,  
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe ;  
     But, turning, trembles too.

Line 3d, See *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Line 7th, *Ibid*.

Far as distress the soul can wound,  
 'Tis pain in each degree ;  
 'Tis bliss but to a certain bound—  
 Beyond—is agony.

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,  
 Which dooms me still to smart ;  
 Which pleasure can to pain refine ;  
 To pain new pangs impart.

O ! haste to shed the sovereign balm,  
 My shattered nerves new-string :  
 And for my guest, serenely calm,  
 The nymph Indifference bring !

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,  
 See Expectation fly !  
 And Disappointment in the rear,  
 That blasts the purposed joy.

The tears which Pity taught to flow,  
 My eyes shall then disown ;  
 The heart, that throb'd at others woe,  
 Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,  
 Each moment then shall close ;  
 And tranquil days shall still succeed  
 To nights of sweet repose.

O fairy-elf ! but grant me this,  
 This one kind comfort send !  
 And so may never-fading bliss  
 Thy flowery paths attend !

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light  
 Thy tiny footsteps lead  
 To some new region of delight,  
 Unknown to mortal tread !

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd  
With heaven's ambrosial dew,  
From sweetest, freshest flowers distill'd,  
That shed fresh sweets for you !

And what of life remains for me,  
I'll pass in sober ease ;  
Half-pleased, contented will I be,  
Content—but half to please.

## IV.

THE PARISH CLERK. ——— VERNON.

---

LET courtly bards in polish'd phrase indite  
 Soft madrigals, to celebrate the Fair ;  
 Or paint the splendour of a Birth-day night,  
 Where Peers and Dames in shining robes appear :  
 The task be mine neglected Worth to praise,  
 Alas ! too often found in these degenerate days.

O gentle Shenstone ! could the self-taught muse,  
 Who joys, like thine, in rural shades to stray,  
 Could she, like thine, while she her theme pursues,  
 With native beauties deck the pleasing lay ;



Then should the humble Clerk of Barton-Dean  
 An equal meed of praise with thy School-mistress gain.

Entering the village in a deep-worn way,  
 Hard by an aged oak, his dwelling stands ;  
 The lowly roof is thatch, the walls are clay :  
 All rudely raised by his forefathers' hands :  
 Observe the homely hut as you pass by,  
 And pity the good man that lives so wretchedly.

Vulcanian artist here, with oily brow  
 And naked arm, he at his anvil plies,  
 What time Aurora in the east does glow,  
 And eke when Vesper gilds the western skies,  
 The bellows roar, the hammers loud resound,  
 And from the tortured mass the sparkles fly around.

Hither the truant school-boy frequent wends,  
 And slyly peeping o'er the hatch is seen  
 To note the bickering workman, while he bends  
 The steed's strong shoe, or forms the sickle keen.

Unthinking, little elf, what ills betide,  
Of breech begalled sore, and cruel task beside.

A deep historian, well I wot, is he,  
And many tomes of ancient lore has read,  
Of England's George, the flower of chivalry,  
Of Merlin's Mirror, and the Brazen Head ;  
With hundred legends more, which to recite  
Would tire the wisest nurse, and spend the longest night.

To Nature's Book he studiously applies,  
And oft, consulted by the anxious swain,  
With wistful gaze reviews the vaulted skies,  
And shews the signs of sure impending rain ;  
Or thunder gathered in the fervid air,  
Or if the harvest-month will be serene and fair.

The various phases of the moon he knows,  
And whence her orb derives its silver sheen,  
From what strange cause the madding Heygre flows,  
By which the peasants oft endangered been,

As in their freighted barks they careless glide,  
And view the inverted trees in Severn's crystal tide.

Returning late at eve from wake or fair,  
Among a sort of poor unlettered swains,  
He teaches them to name each brighter star,  
And of the northern lights the cause explains;  
Recounts what comets have appear'd of old,  
Portending dearth, and war, and miseries manifold.

Around his bending shoulders graceful flow  
His curling silver locks, the growth of years;  
Supported by a staff he walketh slow,  
And simple neatness in his mien appears:  
And every neighbour that perchance he meets,  
Or young or old be they, with courtesy he greets.

A goodly sight, I wot, it were to view  
The decent Parish Clerk on Sabbath-day,  
Seated, beneath the Curate, in his pew,  
Or, kneeling down with lifted hands to pray,

And ever and anon, with close of prayer,  
 He answereth, Amen ! with sober solemn air.

Such times an ancient suit of black he wears,  
 Which from the Curate's wardrobe did descend ;  
 Love to his Clerk the pious Curate bears,  
 Pities his wants, and wisheth to befriend :  
 But what, alas ! can slender salary do,  
 Encumbered by a wife, and children not a few ?

Through every season of the changing year,  
 His strict regard for Christian rites is seen,  
 The holy church he decks with garlands fair,  
 Or birchen boughs, or yew for ever green ;  
 On every pew a formal sprig is placed,  
 And with a spacious branch the pulpit's top is graced.

At Christmas tide, when every yeoman's hall  
 With ancient hospitality is blest,  
 Kind invitations he accepts from all,  
 To share the plenteous, mirth-abounding feast ;

The Christmas feast imperfect would appear,  
 Except their good old guest, the Parish Clerk, was there.

Then, when the mellow beer goes gaily round,  
 And curls of smoke from lighted pipes aspire,  
 When chearful carols through the room resound,  
 And crackling logs augment the blazing fire,  
 His honest heart with social joy o'erflows,  
 And many a merry tale he on his friends bestows.

When, smit with mutual love, the youth and maid  
 To weave the sacred nuptial knot agree,  
 Pleased he attends to lend his useful aid,  
 And see the rites perform'd with decency :  
 He gives the bride, and joins their trembling hands,  
 While with the service-book the curate gravely stands.

Then, while the merry bells the steeple shake,  
 Ringing in honour of the happy pair,  
 To notes of gladness while the minstrels wake,  
 And lads and lasses the rich bride-cake share ;

O may the youthful bard a portion gain,  
To whom the rural sage its virtues did explain !

When from the church returns the blithesome train,  
A spicy cake two gentle maidens bring :  
Which, holding o'er the bride, they break in twain,  
And all conjoin'd this nuptial ditty sing :  
“ Joy to the wedded pair ! health, length of days,  
“ And may they, blest by heaven, a goodly household  
“ raise.”

At eve, the lovely condescending bride  
Will take the ring which on her finger shines,  
And through the sacred circlet nine times slide  
The fragrant gift, repeating mystic lines,  
(The mystic lines we may not here make known,  
Them shall the muse reveal to virgins chaste alone.)

The stocking thrown, as ancient rules require,  
Leave the glad lovers to complete their joy,  
And to thy pillow silently retire,  
Where close beneath thy head the charm must lie ;

Raised by the power of Love, in vision gay,  
Thy future spouse shall come in holiday array.

And, soft approaching, with the mildest air,  
Thy yielding lips shall modestly embrace—  
O, sweet illusion ! wilt thou disappear ?  
Alas, it flies ! the morning springs apace !  
The blushing lover sees the light with pain,  
And longs to recompose, and woo his dream again.

O, Time relentless ! foe to every joy !  
How all declines beneath thy iron reign !  
Once could our Clerk to sweetest melody  
Attune the harp, and charm the listening plain ;  
Or with his mellow-voice the psalm could raise,  
And fill the echoing choir with notes of sacred praise.

But now, alas ! his every power decays,  
His voice grows hoarse, long toil has cramp'd his  
hands,  
No more he fills the echoing choir with praise,  
No more to melody the harp commands ;

Sadly he mourns the dulness of his ear,  
And when a master plays he presses close to hear.

Late o'er the plain, by chance or fortune led,  
The pensive swain who does his annals write,  
Him in his humble cottage visited,  
And learn'd his story, with sincere delight ;  
For chiefly of himself his converse ran,  
As memory well supplied the narrative old man.

His youthful feats with guiltless pride he told,  
In rural games what honours erst he won ;  
How on the Green he threw the wrestlers bold ;  
How light he leap'd, and O ! how swift he run.  
Then, with a sigh, he fondly turn'd his praise  
To rivals now no more, and friends of former days.

At length concluding with reflections deep ;  
“ Alas, of life few comforts now remain !  
“ Of what I was, I but the vestige keep,  
“ Impair'd by grief, by penury, and pain.



“ Yet let me not arraign just Heaven’s decree :  
 “ The lot of human-kind, as man, belongs to me.

“ Beneath yon aged yew-tree’s solemn shade,  
 “ Whose twisted roots above the green-sward creep ;  
 “ There, freed from toils, my pious father laid,  
 “ Enjoys a silent unmolested sleep :  
 “ And there my only son,—with HIM I gave  
 “ All comfort of my age untimely to the grave.

“ In that sweet earth, when nature’s debt is paid,  
 “ And leaving life, I leave its load of woes,  
 “ My neighbours kind, I trust, will see me laid,  
 “ In humble hope of mercy, to repose :  
 “ Evil and few, the patriarch mourn’d his days,  
 “ Nor shall a man presume to vindicate his ways.”

## V.

LIFE, AN ODE.——HAWKESWORTH.

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LIFE ! the dear precarious boon !  
Soon we lose, alas ! how soon !  
Fleeting vision, falsely gay !  
Grasp'd in vain, it fades away,  
Mixing with surrounding shades,  
Lovely vision ! how it fades !  
Let the muse, in fancy's glass,  
Catch the phantoms as they pass :  
See, they rise ! a nymph behold,  
Careless, wanton, young and bold ;  
Mark her devious, hasty pace,  
Antic dress, and thoughtless face,

Smiling cheeks, and roving eyes,  
 Causeless mirth, and vain surprise—  
 Tripping at her side, a boy  
 Shares her wonder, and her joy ;  
 This is Folly, Childhood's guide,  
 This is Childhood at her side.

What is he succeeding now,  
 Myrtles blooming on his brow,  
 Bright, and blushing, as the morn,  
 Not on earth a mortal born ?  
 Shafts, to pierce the strong, I view,  
 Wings, the flying to pursue ;  
 Victim of his power, behind  
 Stalks a slave of human kind,  
 Whose disdain of all the free  
 Speaks his mind's captivity.  
 Love's the tyrant, Youth the slave,  
 Youth in vain is wise or brave ;  
 Love with conscious pride defies  
 All the brave, and all the wise.

Who art thou with anxious mien  
 Stealing o'er the shifting scene ?  
 Eyes, with tedious vigils red,  
 Sighs, by doubts and wishes bred,  
 Cautious step, and glancing leer !  
 Speak thy woes, and speak thy fear ;  
 Arm in arm, what wretch is he  
 Like thyself, who walks with thee ?  
 Like thy own his fears and woes,  
 All thy pangs his bosom knows :  
 Well, too well ! my boding breast  
 Knows the names your looks suggest,  
 Anxious, busy, restless pair !  
 Manhood, link'd by Fate to Care.  
 Wretched state ! and yet 'tis dear—  
 Fancy, close the prospect here !  
 Close it, or recal the past,  
 Spare my eyes, my heart, the last.

Vain the wish ! the last appears,  
 While I gaze, it swims in tears ;

Age—my future self—I trace  
 Moving slow with feeble pace ;  
 Bending with disease and cares,  
 All the load of life he bears ;  
 White his locks, his visage wan,  
 Strength, and ease, and hope are gone.  
 Death,—the shadowy form I know !  
 Death o’ertakes him, dreadful foe !  
 Swift they vanish—mournful sight,  
 Night succeeds, impervious night  
 What these dreadful glooms conceal  
 Fancy’s glass can ne’er reveal.  
 When shall time the veil remove ?  
 When shall light the scene improve  
 When shall truth my doubts dispel ?  
 Awful period ! who can tell ?

## VI.

A MORAL THOUGHT.——HAWKESWORTH.

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THROUGH groves sequestered, dark and still,  
Low vales, and mossy cells among,  
In silent paths the careless rill,  
Which languid murmurs, steals along :

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,  
And lingering leaves its native plain,  
Then pours impetuous down the steep,  
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide,  
Through silent scenes obscurely calm,  
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,  
Nor honour's sanguinary palm.

When labour tires, and pleasure palls,  
Still let the stream untroubled be,  
As down the steep of age it falls,  
And mingles with eternity.

## VII.

MONODY. ————— SHAW.

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YET do I live! O how shall I sustain  
     This vast unutterable weight of woe?  
 This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,  
     Or all the complicated ills below—  
 She, in whose life my hopes were treasured all,  
     Is gone—for ever fled—  
     My dearest EMMA's dead;  
 These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall:—  
 Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,  
 She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for me no more



I, who the tedious absence of a day

Removed, would languish for my charmer's sight,

Would chide the lingering moments for delay,

And fondly blame the slow return of night ;

How, how shall I endure

(O misery past a cure !)

Hours, days, and years successively to roll,

Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul ?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame ?

Did ever mind so much of heaven partake ?

Did she not love me with the purest flame,

And give up friends and fortune for my sake ?

Though mild as evening skies,

With downcast, streaming eyes,

Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,

Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,

(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)

Teach me each moving melancholy strain,

And O discard the pageantry of phrase !

Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine.

Thus, haply, as I paint  
 The source of my complaint,  
 My soul may own the impassion'd line ;  
 A flood of tears may gush to my relief,  
 And from my swelling heart discharge this load of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear  
 To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell ;  
 “ How good she was, how gentle, and how fair !”  
 In pity cease—alas ! I know too well ;  
 How, in her sweet expressive face  
 Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,  
 Yet heighten'd by exterior grace  
 Of manners most engaging, most refined :  
 No piteous object could she see,  
 But her soft bosom shared the woe,  
 Whilst smiles of affability  
 Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.  
 Whate'er the emotions of her heart,  
 Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,  
 Stranger to every female art,  
 Alike to feign, or to disguise :

And—O the boast how rare !—  
 The secret in her faithful breast reposed,  
 She ne'er with lawless tongue disclosed,  
     In sacred silence lodged inviolate there.  
 O feeble words—unable to express  
 Her matchless virtues, or my own distress !

Relentless Death ! that, steel'd to human woe,  
     With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind,  
 Why (cruel !) strike this deprecated blow,  
     And leave such wretched multitudes behind ?  
 Hark ! Groans come wing'd on every breeze !  
     The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow ;  
 Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,  
     And supplicate thy aid, as I do now :  
 In vain—Perverse, still on the unweeting head  
 'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed ;  
 Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,  
 And drench in tears the face of joy.  
 But oh ! fell tyrant ! yet expect the hour  
 When Virtue shall renounce thy power ;

When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,  
 Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.  
 Alas ! the day—where-e'er I turn my eyes,  
     Some sad memento of my loss appears ;  
 I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,  
     Resolved to dry my unavailing tears :  
         But, ah ! in vain—no change of time or place  
         The memory can efface  
 Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,  
 Now lost ; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where !  
     Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep !  
 Had innocence or virtue been their care,  
     She had not died, nor had I lived to weep :  
 Moved by my tears, and by her patience moved,  
     To see her force the endearing smile,  
     My sorrows to beguile,  
 When torture's keenest rage she proved ;  
 Sure they had warded that untimely dart,  
 Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,  
 When, feeling Death's resistless power,  
 My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,  
 And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears !  
 " Ah, my loved lord, the transient scene is o'er,  
 " And we must part (alas !) to meet no more !  
 " But oh ! if e'er thy EMMA'S name was dear,  
 " If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear ;  
 " If, from thy loved embrace my heart to gain,  
 " Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smiled in vain,  
 " If it has been my sole endeavour, still  
 " To act in all, obsequious to thy will ;  
 " To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,  
 " Then only truly blest when thou wert so :  
 " If I have doted with that fond excess,  
 " Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less ;  
 " If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind  
 " To the dear lovely babe I leave behind !  
 " When time my once-loved memory shall efface,  
 " Some happier maid may take thy EMMA'S place,  
 " With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,  
 " And hate it for the love thou bore to me :

" My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,  
 " But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)  
 " Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,  
 " (Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)  
 " That to some distant spot thou wilt remove  
 " This fatal pledge of hapless EMMA's love,  
 " Where safe, thy blandishments it may partake,  
 " And oh ! be tender for its mother's sake.  
 " Wilt thou?—  
 " I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent,  
 " And in that pleasing hope thy EMMA dies content,"  
 I, who with more than manly strength have bore  
     The various ills imposed by cruel Fate,  
 Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,  
     But sink beneath the weight :  
 Just Heaven (I cried) from Memory's earliest day  
     No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,  
 Misfortune still with unrelenting sway  
     Has claim'd me for her own.  
 But O—in pity to my grief, restore  
 This only source of bliss ; I ask—I ask no more.

Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,  
 Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last——  
 Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,  
 And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant closed her lovely eyes,  
     How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow !  
 With impious wish to tear her from the skies ;  
     How curse my fate in bitterness of woe !  
 But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead ?

    Fond man, forbear,  
     Thy fruitless sorrow spare,  
 Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed ;  
 In humble reverence kiss the afflictive rod,  
 And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,  
     Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach ;  
 To wean thy heart from grov'ling views below,  
     And point out bliss beyond misfortune's reach :  
 To shew that all the flattering schemes of joy,  
     Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,

One fatal moment can destroy,  
 And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.  
 Then O ! with pious fortitude sustain  
 Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain ;  
 Nor let thy EMMA die in vain ;  
 Time shall administer its wonted balm,  
 And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disast'rous fate  
 Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,  
 Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,  
 Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage :  
 But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,  
 No more it pants and rages for the plain ;  
 Moping awhile, in sullen mood  
 Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,  
 Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,  
 And meditates the song :  
 Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,  
 And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.



Forgive me, Heaven—yet—yet the tears will flow,

To think how soon my scene of bliss is past !

My budding joys just promising to blow,

All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast !

My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,

Move heavily along.

Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song !

Time creeps unconscious of delight :

How shall I cheat the tedious day ?

And O—the joyless night !

Where shall I rest my weary head ?

How shall I find repose on a sad widowed bed ?

Come, Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,

To my torn heart its former peace restore ;

Thy votary wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,

Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore :

Haply, when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,

Again I shall behold my EMMA's face ;

Again with transport hear

Her voice soft whispering in my ear ;

Line 13th, Laudanum.

May steal once more a balmy kiss,  
And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But ah ! the unwelcome morn's obtruding light  
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,  
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,  
And wake me to the sense of all my woes  
If to the verdant fields I stray,  
Alas ! what pleasures now can these convey ?  
Her lovely form pursues where-e'er I go,  
And darkens all the scene with woe.

By Nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,  
Sorrowing I rove  
Through valley, grot, and grove ;  
Nought can their beauties or my loss restore ;  
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,  
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,  
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,  
With lenient hand support my drooping head,  
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief ?

Should worldly business call away,  
 Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,  
 Count every minute of the loitering day,  
 Impatient for my quick return ?  
 Should aught my bosom discompose,  
 Who now, with sweet complacent air,  
 Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,  
 And soften all my woes ?  
 Too faithful Memory——Cease, O cease——  
 How shall I e'er regain my peace ?  
 (O to forget her)—but how vain each art,  
 Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart !

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,  
 To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,  
 When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,  
 And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,  
 How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,  
 When, twining round my knees, I trace  
 Thy mother's smile upon thy face ?  
 How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore  
 Sad memory of my joys—ah now no more !

By blessings once enjoy'd now more distrest,  
 More beggar by the riches once possest.  
 My little darling !——dearer to me grown

By all the tears thou'st caused—(O strange to hear !)  
 Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,  
 Thy cradle purchased with thy mother's bier :  
 Who now shall seek with fond delight,  
 Thy infant steps to guide aright ?  
 She, who, with doating eyes, would gaze  
 On all thy little artless ways,  
 By all thy soft endearments blest,  
 And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,  
 Alas ! is gone——Yet shalt thou prove  
 A father's dearest, tenderest love ;  
 And O sweet senseless smiler (envied state !)  
 As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,  
 When years thy judgment shall mature,  
 And Reason shews those ills it cannot cure,  
 Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,  
 For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth,  
 (Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)  
 And be the comfort of my age !

When sick and languishing I lie,  
Wilt thou my EMMA'S wonted care supply ?  
    And oft, as, to thy listening ear,  
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,  
    Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,  
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell ?  
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,  
    Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,  
Which I would vainly seek to hide,  
    Say, wilt thou strive to make it less ?  
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,  
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy ?

## VII.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.———SHAW.



SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,  
Pour'st thy plaints melodious in mine ear,  
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego  
The melancholy haunts of Woe,

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:—  
For surely, thou hast known to prove,  
Like me, the pangs of hapless love,  
Else why so feelingly complain,  
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,  
 That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?  
 Or has the cruel hand of Fate  
 Bereft thee of thy darling young?

Alas, for BOTH, I weep——  
 In all the pride of youthful charms,  
 A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!  
 A lovely babe, that should have lived to bless,  
 And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,  
 At once the source of rapture and distress,  
 The flattering prop of my declining years,  
 In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,  
 By every art that Science could devise.  
 Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,  
 And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies——  
 Then O our comforts be the same,  
 At evening's peaceful hour,  
 To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,  
 And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower,

But why, alas! to thee complain!  
 To thee—unconscious of my pain!

Soon shalt THOU cease to mourn thy lot severe,  
And hail the dawning of a happier year :

The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring

Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing ;

Again thy little heart shall transport prove,

Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love :

But O for ME in vain may seasons roll,

Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,

Deploring still the COMFORT OF MY SOUL,

I court my sorrows by encreasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,

Where is the promised period of my woes ?

Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,

And yet I weep, a stranger to repose :

O what delusion did thy tongue employ !

“ That EMMA’S fatal pledge of love,

“ Her last bequest—with all a mother’s care,

“ The bitterness of sorrow should remove,

“ Soften the horrors of despair,

“ And cheer a heart long lost to joy !”



How oft, when fondling in mine arms,  
 Gazing enraptured on its angel-face,  
 My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,  
 And burn with all a father's fond alarms !  
 And O what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd,  
 How did I rave of blessings yet in store !  
 Till every aching sense was sweetly pained,  
 And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter  
 more.—

“ Just Heaven !” I cried, with recent hopes elate,  
 “ Yet I will live—will live, though EMMA's dead——  
 “ So long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,  
 “ Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head !  
 “ My little EMMA, now my ALL,  
 “ Will want a father's care,  
 “ Her looks, her wants my rash resolves recal,  
 “ And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear :  
 “ And oft together we'll complain,  
 “ Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,  
 “ From me, my child shall learn the mournful strain,  
 “ And prattle tales of woe :

" And O in that auspicious hour,  
 " When Fate resigns her persecuting power,  
 " With duteous zeal her hand shall close,  
 " No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,  
 " When death gives misery repose,  
 " And opes a glorious passage to the skies."

Vain thought ! it must not be—She too is dead—  
 The flattering scene is o'er,—  
 My hopes for ever, ever fled—  
 And vengeance can no more—  
 Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease—  
 And none, none left to bear a friendly part !  
 To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,  
 Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart !  
 Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,  
 With lenient hand (O falsely deem'd severe)  
 Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,  
 And dry up every tear :  
 Perhaps, obsequious to my will,  
 But ah ! from my affections far removed !  
 The last sad office strangers may fulfil,  
 As if I ne'er had been beloved ;

As if, unconscious of poetic fire,  
 I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre ;  
 As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,  
 Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet—while this weary life shall last,  
 While yet my tongue can form the impassion'd strain,  
 In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,  
 And dwell with fond delay on blessings past :  
     For O how grateful to a wounded heart,  
     The tale of misery to impart !  
     From others eyes bid artless sorrows flow,  
     And raise esteem upon the base of woe !  
 Even HE, the noblest of the tuneful throng,  
     Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,  
 Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,  
 And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

Line 13th, Lord Lyttelton.

## IX.

THE THREE WARNINGS. — MRS THRALE.

---

THE tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground ;  
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
That love of life increased with years  
So much, that in our latter stages,  
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,  
Which all confess, but few perceive,  
If old assertions can't prevail,  
Be pleased to hear a modern Tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay  
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,  
 Death called aside the jocund groom  
 With him into another room :  
 And, looking grave, " You must," says he,  
 " Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."  
 " With you, and quit my Susan's side !  
 " With you !" the hapless husband cried :  
 " Young as I am ! 'tis monstrous hard !  
 " Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared :  
 " My thoughts on other matters go,  
 " This is my wedding-night, you know."  
 What more he urged, I have not heard,  
 His reasons could not well be stronger ;  
 So, Death the poor delinquent spared,  
 And left to live a little longer.  
 Yet calling up a serious look,  
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,  
 " Neighbour," he said, " farewell : No more  
 " Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour ;  
 " And, further, to avoid all blame  
 " Of cruelty upon my name,

“ To give you time for preparation,  
 “ And fit you for your future station,  
 “ Three several warnings you shall have,  
 “ Before you’re summoned to the grave :  
 “ Willing for once I’ll quit my prey,  
     “ And grant a kind reprieve ;  
 “ In hopes you’ll have no more to say,  
 “ But, when I call again this way,  
     “ Well pleased the world will leave.”

To these conditions both consented,  
 And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,  
 How long he lived, how wise, how well,  
 How roundly he pursued his course,  
 And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,  
 The willing muse shall tell :  
 He chaffer’d then, he bought, he sold,  
 Nor once perceived his growing old,  
     Nor thought of Death as near ;  
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew,

Many his gains, his children few,  
 He passed his hours in peace ;  
 But while he viewed his wealth increase,  
 While thus along Life's dusty road  
 The beaten tract content he trod,  
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
 Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,  
 Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in musing mood,  
 As all alone he sate,  
 Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate  
 Once more before him stood.

Half killed with anger and surprise,  
 " So soon returned !" old Dobson cries.  
 " So soon, d'ye call it !" Death replies ;  
 " Surely, my friend, you're but in jest ;  
 " Since I was here before,  
 " 'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,  
 " And you are now fourscore."

" So much the worse," the Clown rejoin'd ;  
 " To spare the aged would be kind :  
 " However, see your search be legal ;  
 " And your authority——is't regal ?  
 " Else you are come on a fool's errand,  
 " With but a secretary's warrant.  
 " Besides, you promised me Three Warnings,  
 " Which I have look'd for nights and mornings.  
 " But for that loss of time and ease,  
 " I can recover damages."

" I know," cries Death, " that at the best,  
 " I seldom am a welcome guest :  
 " But don't be captious, friend, at least :  
 " I little thought you'd still be able  
 " To stump about your farm and stable ;  
 " Your years have run to a great length,  
 " I wish you joy, though, of your strength."

" Hold," says the Farmer, " not so fast,  
 " I have been lame these four years past."



"And no great wonder," Death replies,  
 "However, you still keep your eyes ;  
 "And sure to see one's loves and friends,  
 "For legs and arms would make amends."  
 "Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,  
 "But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking story, faith,  
 "Yet there's some comfort still," says Death ;  
 "Each strives your sadness to amuse ;  
 "I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he, "and if there were,  
 "I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."

"Nay then," the spectre stern rejoined,  
 "These are unjustifiable yearnings ;  
 "If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,  
 "You've had your Three sufficient Warnings.  
 "So come along, no more we'll part :"  
 He said, and touched him with his dart ;  
 And now old Dobson, turning pale,  
 Yields to his fate——so ends my tale.

## X.

THE BEGGAR.——SIR JOHN MORRIS.

---

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man !

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
Oh ! give relief—and heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,

These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years ;  
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,  
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road,  
 For plenty there a residence has found,  
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !)  
 Here craving for a morsel of their bread,  
 A pamper'd menial forced me from the door,  
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome,  
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !  
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
 For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,  
 If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,  
 Your hands would not with-hold the kind relief,  
 And tears of pity could not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine ?

'Tis heaven has brought me to the state you see :  
And your condition may be soon like mine,  
The child of sorrow—and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
Then like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn ;  
But ah ! oppression forced me from my cot,  
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age !  
Lured by a villain from her native home,  
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,  
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care !  
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,  
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,

Oh ! give relief—and heaven will bless your store.

## XI.

RETIREMENT.———BEATTIE.

---

WHEN in the crimson cloud of even,  
The lingering light decays,  
And Hesper on the front of Heaven  
His glittering gem displays ;  
Deep in the silent vale unseen,  
Beside a lulling stream,  
A pensive youth of placid mien,  
Indulged his tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled  
High o'er the glimmering dale ;

Ye woods, along whose windings wild  
 Murmurs the solemn gale;  
 Where Melancholy strays forlorn,  
 And Woe retires to weep,  
 What time the wan moon's yellow horn  
 Gleams on the western deep:

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms  
 Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,  
 'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,  
 To your retreats I fly.  
 Deep in your most sequestered bower  
 Let me at last recline,  
 Where Solitude, mild, modest Power,  
 Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless Fair!  
 Thy heavenly smile how win!  
 Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,  
 And stills the storm within.

O wilt thou to thy favourite grove  
 Thine ardent votary bring,  
 And bless his hours, and bid them move  
 Serene, on silent wing !

Oft let Remembrance sooth his mind  
 With dreams of former days,  
 When in the lap of Peace reclined  
 He framed his infant lays ;  
 When Fancy roved at large, nor Care  
 Nor cold Distrust alarmed,  
 Nor Envy with malignant glare  
 His simple youth had harmed.

'Twas then, O Solitude ! to thee  
 His early vows were paid,  
 From heart sincere, and warm, and free,  
 Devoted to the shade.  
 Ah why did Fate his steps decoy  
 In stormy paths to roam,



Remote from all congenial joy!—

O take the Wanderer home.

Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,

Thy charms my only theme;

My haunt, the hollow cliff, whose pine

Waves o'er the gloomy stream.

Whence the scared owl on pinions gray

Breaks from the rustling boughs,

And down the lone vale sails away

To more profound repose.

Oh, while to thee, the woodland pours

Its wildly warbling song,

And balmy from the bank of flowers

The zephyr breathes along ;

Let no rude sound invade from far,

No vagrant foot be nigh,

No ray from grandeur's gilded car,

Flash on the startled eye.

But if some pilgrim through the glade  
     Thy hallowed bowers explore,  
 O guard from harm his hoary head,  
     And listen to his lore ;  
 For he of joys divine shall tell,  
     That wean from earthly woe,  
 And triumph o'er the mighty spell  
     That chains his heart below.

For me, no more the path invites  
     Ambition loves to tread,  
 No more I climb those toilsome heights,  
     By guileful Hope misled ;  
 Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more  
     To Mirth's enlivening strain ;  
 For present pleasure soon is o'er,  
     And all the past is vain.

## XII.

THE HERMIT. ————— BEATTIE.

---

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :  
 'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar,  
 While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began ;  
 No more with himself or with nature at war,  
 He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

“ Ah ! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,

“ Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?

" For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 " And Sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral.  
 " But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,  
 " Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn :  
 " O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away ;  
 " Full quickly they pass, but they never return.

" Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
 " The moon half extinguished her crescent displays :  
 " But lately I marked, when majestic on high  
 " She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
 " Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
 " The path that conducts thee to splendour again.  
 " But Man's faded glory, what change shall renew !  
 " Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

" 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;  
 " I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;  
 " For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
 " Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.

" Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;  
 " Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.  
 " But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !  
 " O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !"

' 'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science betrayed,  
 ' That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind :  
 ' My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to  
     shade,  
 ' Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.'  
 " O pity, great Father of Light," then I cried,  
 " Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee ;  
 " Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :  
 " From doubt, and from darkness, thou only canst  
     free."

' And darkness and doubt are now flying away.  
 ' No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.  
 ' So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,  
 ' The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

- ‘ See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,  
‘ And Nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom !  
‘ On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are  
‘ bending,  
‘ And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.’

## XIII.

HALLOW MY FANCIE. ——— ANONYMOUS.

---

IN melancholick fancie,  
Out of myself,  
In the Vulcan dancie,  
All the world surveying,  
No where staying,  
Just like a fairie-elf;  
Out o'er the tops of highest mountains skipping,  
Out o'er the hills, the trees and vallies tripping,  
Out o'er the ocean seas, without an oar or shipping.  
Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

\*

Amidst the misty vapours,  
 Fain would I know,  
 What doth cause the tapours :  
 Why the clouds benight us,  
 And affright us,

While we travel here below.

Fain would I know, what makes the roaring thunder,  
 And what these lightnings be that rent the clouds asunder,  
 And what these comets are, on which we gaze and wonder.

Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

Fain would I know the reason,  
 Why the little ant,  
 All the summer season,  
 Layeth up provision,  
 On condition,

To know no winters want :

And how huswives, that are so good and painful,  
 Do unto their husbands prove so good and gainful :  
 And why the lazie drones to them do prove disdainful.

Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?



Ships, ships, will descree you,  
 Amidst the main,  
 I will come and try you,  
 What you are protecting,  
 And projecting,  
 What's your end and aim.

One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,  
 Another stays to keep his country from invading,  
 A third is coming home with rich and wealth of lading.  
 Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

When I look before me,  
 There I do behold,  
 There's none that sees or knows me ;  
 All the world's agadding,  
 Running madding,  
 None doth his station hold.

He that is below, envieth him that riseth,  
 And he that is above, him that's below despiseth,  
 So every man his plot and counter-plot deviseth.  
 Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

Look, look what bustling

Here I do espy !

Each another justling,

Every one turmoiling,

Th' other spoiling,

As I did pass them by.

One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion,

Another hangs his head, because he's out of fashion,

A third is fully bent on sport and recreation :

Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

Amidst the foamie ocean,

Fain would I know,

What doth cause the motion,

And returning

In its journeying,

And doth so seldom swerve !

And how these little fishes, that swim beneath salt water,

Do never blind their eye, methinks, it is a matter,

An inch above the reach of old Erra Pater !

Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

Fain would I be resolved

How things are done ;

And where the bull was calved,

Of bloody Phalaris,

And where the tailor is,

That works to the man i'the moon !

Fain would I know how Cupid aims so rightly ;

And how these little fairies do dance and leap so lightly ;

And where fair Cynthia makes her ambles nightly.

Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

In conceit like Phaeton,

I'll mount Phœbus chair.

Having ne'er a hat on,

All my hair's a burning,

In my journeying,

Hurrying through the air.

Fain would I hear his fiery horses neighing,

And see how they on foamy bitts are playing ;

All the stars and planets I will be surveying !

Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

O from what ground of nature,  
 Doth the pelican,  
 That self-devouring creature,  
 Prove so froward,  
 And untoward,

Her vitals for to strain !

And why the subtle fox, while in death's wounds is lying,  
 Doth not lament his pangs by howling and by crying ;  
 And why the milk-white swan doth sing when she's a dying.  
 Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

Fain would I conclude this,  
 At least make essay,  
 What similitude is ;  
 Why fowls of a feather  
 Flock and fly together,

And lambs know beasts of prey :

How Nature's alchymists, these small laborious creatures,  
 Acknowledge still a prince in ordering their matters,  
 And suffer none to live, who slothing lose their features.  
 Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

I'm rapt with admiration,  
 When I do ruminate,  
 Men of an occupation,  
 How each one calls him brother,  
 Yet each envieth other,  
 And yet still intimate !

Yea; I admire to see, some natures farther sundred,  
 Than Antipodes to us. Is it not to be wondred,  
 In myriads ye'll find, of one mind scarce an hundred !  
 Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

What multitude of notions  
 Doth perturb my pate,  
 Considering the motions,  
 How the heavens are preserved,  
 And this world served,  
 In moisture, light, and heat !

If one spirit sits the outmost circle turning,  
 Or one turns another continuing in journeying,  
 If rapid circles motion be that which they call burning !  
 Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

Fain also would I prove this,

By considering,

What that, which you call love, is :

Whether it be a folly,

Or a melancholy,

Or some heroic thing !

Fain I'd have it proved, by one whom love hath wounded,

And fully upon one his desire hath founded,

Whom nothing else could please tho' the world were rounded.

Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

To know this world's center,

Height, depth, breadth, and length,

Fain would I adventure,

To search the hid attractions

Of magnetic actions,

And adamantic strength.

Fain would I know, if in some lofty mountain,

Where the moon sojourns, if there be trees or fountain,

If there be beasts of prey, or yet be fields to hunt in.

Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

Fain would I have it tried

By experiment,

By none can be denied ;

If in this bulk of nature,

There be voids less or greater,

Or all remains complete ?

Fain would I know, if beasts have any reason ;

If falcons killing eagles do commit a treason ;

If fear of winter's want make swallows fly the season,

Hallow my fancie, whither wilt thou go ?

Hallow my fancie, hallow,

Stay, stay at home with me,

I can thee no longer follow,

For thou hast betrayed me,

And bewray'd me ;

It is too much for thee.

Stay, stay at home with me, leave off thy lofty soaring,

Stay thou at home with me, and on thy books be poring,

For he that goes abroad, lays little up in storing :

Thou'rt welcome home my fancie, welcome home to me.

## XIV.

A DIRGE. ——— CHATTERTON.

---

O ! sing unto my roundelay,  
O ! drop the briny tear with me,  
Dance no more at holiday,  
Like a running river be ;  
    My love is dead,  
    Gone to his deathbed,  
    All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,  
White his skin as the summer snow,  
Ruddy his face as the morning light,  
Cold he lies in the grave below ;



My love is dead,  
 Gone to his deathbed,  
 All under the willow tree.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing,  
 In the briared dell below ;  
 Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing,  
 To the night-mares as they go ;  
     My love is dead,  
     Gone to his deathbed,  
     All under the willow tree.

See ! the white moon shines on high ;  
 Whiter is my true love's shroud ;  
 Whiter than the morning sky,  
 Whiter than the evening cloud ;  
     My love is dead,  
     Gone to his deathbed,  
     All under the willow tree.

Here upon my true love's grave,  
 Shall the barren flowers be laid,  
 Nor one holy saint to save  
 All the coldness of a maid.

My love is dead,  
 Gone to his death-bed,  
 All under the willow tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briars  
 Round his holy corse to gre,  
 Elfin fairy, light your fires,  
 Here my body still shall be.

My love is dead,  
 Gone to his death-bed,  
 All under the willow tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,  
 Drain my heart's blood all away;  
 Life and all its good I scorn,  
 Dance by night, or feast by day.

Line 9th, Grow.

My love is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed,  
All under the willow tree,

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,  
Bear me to your deadly tide.  
I dic; I come; my true love waits. —  
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

Line 4th, Water flags.

## XV.

LAPLAND SONG. ————— PICKERING.

---

THE snows are dissolving on Torne's rude side,  
And the ice of Lulhea flows down the dark tide;  
Thy dark streams, O Lulhea ! flow freely away,  
And the snow-drop unfolds her pale beauties to-day.

Remote the keen terrors of winter retire,  
Where the north's dancing streamers relinquish their fire ;  
Where the sun's genial beams swell the bud on the tree,  
And Enna chaunts forth her wild warblings with glee.

The reindeer, unharness'd, in freedom shall play,  
And safely o'er Odon's steep precipice stray ;

The wolf to the forest's recesses shall fly,  
And howl to the moon as she glides through the sky.

Then haste, my fair Lhea ! ah ! haste to the grove,  
And pass the sweet season in rapture and love :  
In youth let our bosoms with ecstasy glow,  
For the winter of life ne'er a transport can know.

XVI.

INDEPENDENCE. ——— THOMAS DAY.



WHEN faithless senates venally betray ;  
     When each degenerate noble is a slave ;  
 When Britain falls an unresisting prey ;  
     What part befits the generous and the brave ?

In vain the task to rouse my country's ire,  
     And imp once more the stork's dejected wings ;  
 To solitude indignant I retire,  
     And leave the world to parasites and kings.

Not like the deer, whom, wearied in the race,  
Each leaf astonishes, each breeze appals ;  
But like the lion, when he turns the chace  
Back on his hunters, and the valiant falls.

Then let untamed oppression rage aloof,  
And rule o'er men who ask not to be freed ;  
To liberty I vow this humble roof ;  
And he that violates its shade shall bleed.

## XVII.

TO CHATTERTON.

---

*It is recorded of the infancy of Chatterton by his mother, that upon being asked, what toy would afford him most pleasure? he replied, with an earnestness that bespoke the emotion of his mind, "A trumpet to blow aloud!" Upon this circumstance the following verses are founded.*

---

AVERSE to every childish toy,  
 Why seize the trumpet, daring boy,  
 And blow in strains so loud and clear,  
 As all the admiring world might hear;



While the charm'd echo should rebound,  
 And give to future times the sound ?  
 Oh ! what could prompt thy wish to claim,  
 In infancy, the trump of fame !  
 By what intemperate thirst of praise,  
 Too sure presage of shortened days,  
 By what ambitious phrenzy led——  
 That trumpet sounds but for the dead !  
 Nor knewest thou then, in hope elate,  
 What future evils should await ;  
 That Pride should teach repulse to feel,  
 And Avarice grudge the scanty meal.  
 Nor yet, to quench thy ardent soul,  
 Appear'd the horrors of the bowl !  
 Oh born in infancy to plan  
 A work beyond the powers of man :  
 The native of some other sphere,  
 Thy spirit just had lighted here,  
 By fame allured ; but, doomed to find  
 Th' ingratitude of base mankind,  
 Indignant left its frame behind.

The trump of fame shall now too late  
Announce thy genius and thy fate,  
And sound the mingled blast of shame,  
With the loud honours of thy name.

## XVIII.

ELEGY FROM THE IRISH OF RYAN.—ELIZA BROOKE.

---

BRIGHT her locks of beauty grew,  
Curling fair and sweetly flowing;  
And her eyes of smiling blue,  
Oh how soft ! how heavenly glowing !

Ah poor plundered heart of pain !  
When wilt thou have end of mourning ?  
This long, long year I look in vain  
To see my only hope returning.

Oh ! would thy promise faithful prove,  
 And to my fond, fond bosom give thee;  
 Lightly then my steps would move,  
 Joyful should my arms receive thee !

Then, once more, at early morn,  
 Hand in hand we should be straying,  
 Where the dew drop decks the thorn,  
 With its pearls the woods arraying.

Cold and scornful as thou art,  
 Love's found vows and faith belying,  
 Shame for thee now rends my heart,  
 My pale cheek with blushes dying !

Why art thou false to me and love ?  
 (While health and joy with thee are vanish'd)  
 Is it because forlorn I rove,  
 Without a crime, unjustly banish'd ?

Safe thy charms with me should rest,

Hither did thy pity send thee ;

Pure the love that fills my breast,

From itself it would defend thee.

'Tis thy Edmond calls thee, love,

Come, O come and heal his anguish !

Driven from his home, behold him rove,

Condemn'd in exile here to languish !

O thou dear cause of all my pains !

With thy charms each heart subduing,

Come,——on Munster's lovely plains,

Hear again fond passion suing.

Music, mirth, and sports, are here,

Cheerful friends the hours beguiling ;

Oh would'st thou, my love ! appear,

To joy my bosom reconciling !

Sweet would seem the holly's shade,  
 Bright the clust'ring berries glowing;  
 And in scented bloom array'd,  
 Apple-blossoms round us blowing.

Cresses waving in the stream,  
 Flowers its gentle banks perfuming;  
 Sweet the verdant paths would seem,  
 All in rich luxuriance blooming.

O bright in every grace of youth!  
 Gentle charmer!—lovely wonder!  
 Break not fond vows and tender truth!  
 O rend not ties so dear asunder!

For thee all dangers would I brave,  
 Life with joy, with pride exposing;  
 Breast for thee the stormy wave,  
 Winds and tides in vain opposing.

O might I call thee now my own  
 No added rapture joy could borrow;  
 'Twould be, like heaven, when life is flown,  
 To cheer the soul and heal its sorrow.

See thy falsehood, cruel maid!  
 See my cheek no longer glowing,  
 Strength departed, health decayed,  
 Life in tears of sorrow flowing!

Why do I thus my anguish tell?—  
 Why pride in woe, and boast of ruin?—  
 O lost treasure!—fare thee well!—  
 Loved to madness—to undoing.

Yet, O hear me fondly swear!  
 Though thy heart to me is frozen,  
 Thou alone, of thousands fair,  
 Thou alone should'st be my chosen.

Every scene with thee would please ;  
 Every care and fear would fly me ;  
 Wintry storms, and raging seas,  
 Would lose their gloom, if thou wert nigh me !

Speak in time while yet I live ;  
 Leave not faithful love to languish !  
 O soft breath to pity give,  
 Ere my heart quite break with anguish.

Pale, distracted, wild I rove,  
 No soothing voice my woes allaying ;  
 Sad and devious, through each grove,  
 My lone steps are weary straying.

O sickness, past all med'cine's art !  
 O sorrow, every grief exceeding !  
 O wound, that, in my breaking heart,  
 Cureless, deep, to death art bleeding !



Such, O Love ! thy cruel power,  
 Fond excess and fatal ruin !  
 Such, O Beauty's fairest flower !  
 Such thy charms, and my undoing !

How the swan adorns that neck,  
 There her down and whiteness growing ;  
 How its snow those tresses deck,  
 Bright in fair luxuriance flowing.

Mine, of right, are all those charms !  
 Cease with coldness then to grieve me !  
 Take, O take me to thy arms,  
 Or those of death will soon receive me.

## XIX.

ON SOME NAMES IN THE BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA.

---

COWPER.

---

OH fond attempt to give a deathless lot  
To names ignoble, born to be forgot !  
In vain recorded in historic page,  
They court the notice of a future age ;  
Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land  
Drop one by one from Faine's neglecting hand ;  
Lethæan gulphs receive them as they fall,  
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children use,  
Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,  
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,  
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire,  
There goes the parson, Oh ! illustrious spark,  
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.

## XX.

ODE TO PEACE. ——— COWPER.

---

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest !

Return and make thy downy nest

Once more in this sad heart :

Nor riches I, nor power pursue,

Nor hold forbidden joys in view,

We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell if not with me,

From avarice and ambition free,

And pleasure's fatal wiles ?

For whom, alas ! dost thou prepare

The sweets that I was wont to share,

The banquet of thy smiles ?

The great, the gay, shall they partake  
The heaven that thou alone canst make,  
And wilt thou quit the stream  
That murmurs through the dewy mead,  
The grove, and the sequestered shed,  
To be a guest with them ?

For thee I panted, thee I prized,  
For thee I gladly sacrificed  
Whate'er I loved before ;  
And shall I see thee start away,  
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—  
Farewell ! we meet no more ?

## XXI.

THE JACKDAW.—COWPER, FROM VINCENT BOURNE.

---

THERE is a bird who by his coat,  
And by the hoarseness of his note,  
Might be supposed a crow;  
A great frequenter of the church,  
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,  
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,  
That turns and turns, to indicate  
From what point blows the weather;  
Look up—your brains begin to swim,  
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,  
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,  
 Thither he wings his airy flight,  
     And thence securely sees  
 The bustle and the race-show  
 That occupy mankind below,  
     Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses  
 On future broken bones and bruises,  
     If he should chance to fall ;  
 No, not a single thought like that  
 Employs his philosophic pate,  
     Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,  
 The world, with all its motley rout,  
     Church, army, physic, law,  
 Its customs and its businesses  
 Are no concern at all of his,  
     And says,—what says he ? Caw.

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen  
Much of the vanities of men,

And, sick of having seen them,  
Would cheerfully these limbs resign  
For such a pair of wings as thine,  
And such a head between them.



## XXII.

THE SHRUBBERY. ————— COWPER.

---

ON happy shades ! to me unblest,  
    Friendly to peace, but not to me,  
How will the scene that offers rest,  
    And heart that cannot rest, agree !

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,  
    Those alders quivering to the breeze,  
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,  
    And please, if any thing could please.

But fix'd unalterable care

Foregoes not what she feels within,  
Shows the same sadness every where,  
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn,  
While peace possess'd those silent bowers,  
Her animating smile withdrawn,  
Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread  
This moss-grown alley, musing slow ;  
They seek, like me, the secret shade,  
But not, like me, to nourish woe.

Me, fruitful scenes, and prospects waste,  
Alike admonish not to roam ;  
These tell me of enjoyments past,  
And those of sorrows yet to come.

XXIII.

ELEGY. ———— W. GIFFORD.

---

---

I WISH I was where Anna lies ;  
For I am sick of lingering here :  
And every hour Affection cries,  
Go and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could ! For when she died  
I lost my all ; and life has proved  
Since that sad hour a dreary void,  
A waste unlovely, and unloved.

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,  
 Shall duly to her grave repair,  
 And pluck the ragged moss away,  
 And weeds that have "no business there?"

And who with pious hand shall bring  
 The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,  
 And violets that unheeded spring,  
 To scatter o'er her holy mold?

And who, while memory loves to dwell  
 Upon her name for ever dear,  
 Shall feel his heart with passion swell,  
 And pour the bitter, bitter tear!—

I did it; and, would fate allow,  
 Should visit still, should still deplore—  
 But health and strength have left me now,  
 And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,  
 The last I offer at thy shrine;  
 Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,  
 And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,  
 Thy voice, that might with music vie,  
 Thy air, that every gazer took,  
 Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits, frolicksome, as good,  
 Thy courage, by no ills dismayed,  
 Thy patience, by no wrong subdued,  
 Thy gay good-humour—Can *they* fade!

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye :  
 Cold turf, which I no more must view,  
 Dear name, which I no more must sigh,  
 A long, a last, a sad adieu !

## XXIV.

TO THE REV. JOHN IRELAND.—W. GIFFORD.

*Imitation of Horace, Lib. II. Ode 16. - "Otium divos  
rogat," &c.*

---

WHEN howling winds, and lowering skies,  
The light, untimber'd bark surprize  
Near Orkney's boisterous seas ;  
The trembling crew forget to swear,  
And bend the knees, unused to prayer,  
To ask a little ease.

For ease the Turk, ferocious, prays,  
For ease the barbarous Russe—for ease,  
Which P——k could ne'er obtain ;

Which Bedford lack'd amidst his store,  
 And liberal Clive, with mines of ore,  
     Oft bade for, but in vain.

For not the liveried troop that wait  
 Around the mansions of the great,  
     Can keep, my friend, aloof,—  
 Fear, that attacks the mind by fits,  
 And Care, that like a raven flits  
     Around the lordly roof.

“ O well is he” to whom kind heaven  
 A decent competence has given !  
     Rich in the blessing sent,  
 He grasps not anxiously at more,  
 Dreads not to use his little store,  
     And fattens on content.

“ O well is he !” for life is lost,  
 Amidst a whirl of passions tost ;  
     Then why, dear Jack, should man,

Magnanimous ephemera ! stretch  
 His view beyond the narrow reach  
 Of his contracted span ?

Why should he from his country run,  
 In hopes, beneath a foreign sun,  
     Serenely hours to find ?  
 Was never man in this wild chace,  
 Who changed his nature with his place,  
     And left himself behind.

For, winged with all the lightning's speed,  
 Care climbs the bark, Care mounts the steed,  
     An inmate of the breast :  
 Nor Barca's heat, nor Zembla's cold,  
 Can drive from that pernicious hold,  
     The too tenacious guest.

They whom no anxious thoughts annoy,  
 Grateful the *present* hour enjoy,  
     Nor seek the *next* to know ;



To lighten every ill they strive,  
 Nor, ere misfortune's hand arrive,  
 Anticipate the blow.

Something must ever be amiss—  
 Man has his joys ; but perfect bliss  
     Lives only in the brain :  
 We cannot all have all we want ;  
 And Chance, unasked, to *this* may grant,  
     What that has begg'd in vain.

Wolfe rush'd on death in manhood's bloom,  
 Paulet crept slowly to the tomb ;  
     *Here* breath, *there* fame was given :  
 And that wise power who weighs our lives,  
 By *contras*, and by *pros*, contrives  
     To keep the balance even.

To thee she gave two piercing eyes,  
 A body—just of Tydeus' size,  
 A judgment sound and clear ;

A mind with various science fraught,  
A liberal soul, a thread-bare coat,  
And forty pounds a year.

To me one eye not over good,  
Two sides, that, to their cost, have stood  
A ten years hectic cough;  
Aches, stitches, all the numerous ills  
That swell the devilish doctor's bills,  
And sweep poor mortals off;

A coat more bare than thine, a soul  
That spurns the crowd's malign controul,  
A fixed contempt of wrong;  
Spirits above affliction's power,  
And skill to charm the lonely hour  
With no inglorious song.

## XXV.

FRAGMENT. ——— S. T. COLERIDGE.

---

*These exquisite Stanzas appeared some years ago in a London Newspaper, and have since that time been republished in Mr Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads, but with some alterations; the Poet having apparently relinquished his intention of writing the Fate of the Dark Ladye.*

O LEAVE the lily on its stem,  
 O leave the rose upon the spray,  
 O leave the elder-bloom, fair maids,  
 And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle bough,  
 This morn around my harp you twin'd,  
 Because it fashioned mournfully,  
 Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a tale of love and woe,  
 A woeful tale of love I sing;  
 Hark, gentle maidens, hark ! it sighs,  
 And trembles on the string.

But most, my own dear Genevieve,  
 It sighs and trembles most for thee !  
 O come and hear what cruel wrongs  
 Befell the Dark Ladie.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
 My hope, my joy, my Genevieve,  
 She loves me best whene'er I sing  
 The songs that make her grieve.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 All are but ministers of Love,  
 And feed his sacred flame.

O ever in my waking dreams,  
 I dwell upon that happy hour,  
 When midway on the Mount I sate,  
 Beside the ruined Tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,  
 Had blended with the lights of eve ;  
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
 My own dear Genevieve.

She lean'd against the armed man,  
 The statue of the armed knight ;  
 She stood and listened to my harp,  
 Amid the lingering light.

I played a sad and doleful air,  
 I sung an old and moving story ;  
 An old rude song, that fitted well  
 The ruins wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
     With downcast eyes and modest grace,  
 For well she knew I could not chuse  
     But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight who wore  
     Upon his shield a burning brand ;  
 And how for ten long years he wooed  
     The Ladie of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah,  
     The deep, the low, the pleading tone,  
 In which I told another's love,  
     Interpreted my own !

She listened with a flitting blush,  
     With downcast eyes and modest grace ;  
 And she forgave me that I gazed,  
     Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn,  
     That crazed this bold and lovely knight,  
 And how he roam'd the mountain woods,  
     Nor rested day nor night :

And how he crossed the woodman's path,  
     Through briars and swampy mosses beat,  
 How boughs, rebounding, scourged his limbs,  
     And low stubs gored his feet :

How sometimes from the savage den,  
     And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
 And sometimes starting up at once  
     In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face  
     An Angel beautiful and bright,  
 And how he knew it was a Fiend,  
     This miserable Knight !

And how, unknowing what he did,  
     He leapt amid a lawless band,  
 And saved, from outrage worse than death,  
     The Ladie of the Land :

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees,  
     And how she tended him in vain,  
 And meekly strove to expiate  
     The scorn that crazed his brain :

And how she nurs'd him in a cave,  
     And how his madness went away,  
 When, on the yellow forest leaves,  
     A dying man he lay :

His dying words—but when I reached  
     That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
 My faltering voice, and pausing harp,  
     Disturb'd her soul with pity.



All impulses of soul and sense  
 Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,  
 The music and the doleful tale,  
 The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
 An undistinguishable throng,  
 And gentle wishes long subdued,  
 Subdued and cherished long :

She wept with pity and delight,—  
 She blushed with love and maiden shame;  
 And, like the murmurs of a dream,  
 I heard her breathe my name.

I saw her bosom heave and swell,  
 Heave and swell with inward sighs,——  
 I could not chuse but love to see  
 Her gentle bosom rise.

Her wet cheek glowed, she stept aside,  
 As conscious of my look she stept,  
 Then suddenly with timorous eye  
 She flew to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms—  
 She pressed me with a meek embrace,  
 And bending back her head, looked up,  
 And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
 And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
 That I might rather feel, than see  
 The swelling of her heart !

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,  
 And told her love with virgin pride;  
 And thus I won my Genevieve,  
 My bright and beauteous bride !

And now once more a tale of woe,  
 A woeful tale of love I sing,  
 For thee, my Genevieve ! it sighs  
 And trembles on the string.

When last I sung the cruel scorn  
 That crazed this bold and lovely Knight,  
 And how he roamed the mountain woods,  
 Nor rested day nor night :

I promis'd thee a sister-tale  
 Of man's perfidious cruelty ;  
 Come, then, and hear what cruel wrong  
 Befell the Dark Ladie.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XXVI.

VERSES WRITTEN AT THE ISLAND OF SAGUR, IN THE  
MOUTH OF THE GANGES, WHERE HUMAN VICTIMS  
WERE EXPOSED BY THE SUPERSTITIOUS HINDUS.

---

JOHN LEYDEN.

---



---

ON sea-girt Sagur's desert isle,  
Mantled with thickets dark and dun,  
May never moon or star light smile,  
Nor ever beam the summer sun !  
Strange deeds of blood have there been done,  
In mercy ne'er to be forgiven ;  
Deeds the far seeing eye of heaven  
Veiled his radiant orb to shun.

To glut the shark and crocodile  
 A mother brought her infant here,  
 She saw its tender playful smile,  
 She shed not one maternal tear ;  
 She threw it on a watery bier,  
 With grinding teeth sea monsters tore  
 The smiling infant which she bore,—  
 She shrunk not once its cries to hear.

Ah ! mark that victim wildly drest,  
 His streaming beard is hoar and gray,  
 Around him floats a crimson vest,  
 Red-flowers his matted locks array :—  
 Heard you these brazen timbrels bray ?  
 His heart-blood on the lotus-flower,  
 They offer to the evil-power,  
 And, offering, turn their eyes away.

Dark goddess of the iron-mace,  
 Flesh-tearer ! quaffing life-blood warm,

The terrors of thine awful face  
 The pulse of mortal hearts alarm.  
 Grim power ! if human woes can charm,  
 Look to the horrors of the flood,  
 Where crimsoned Gunga shines in blood,  
 And man-devouring monsters swarm.

Skull-chaplet wearer ! whom the blood  
 Of man delights a thousand years,  
 Than whom no face, by land or flood,  
 More stern and pitiless appears,  
 Thine is the cup of human tears !  
 For pomp of human sacrifice  
 Cannot the cruel blood suffice  
 Of tigers, which thine island rears ?

Not all blue Ganges' mountain flood,  
 That rolls so proudly round thy fane,  
 Shall cleanse the tinge of human blood,  
 Nor wash dark Sagur's impious stain.

The sailor, journeying on the main,  
Shall view from far the dreary isle,  
And curse the ruins of the pile  
Where mercy ever sued in vain.

## XXVII.

PORTUGUEZE HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY, "*the Star  
of the Sea.*"———JOHN LEYDEN.

---

STAR of the wide and pathless sea,  
Who lovest on mariners to shine,  
Those votive garments wet, to thee  
We hang, within thy holy shrine;  
When o'er us flashed the surging brine,  
Amid the warring waters tost,  
We called no other name but thine,  
And hoped when other hope was lost.  
*Ave Maris Stella!*



Star of the vast and howling main,  
 When dark and lone is all the sky,  
 And mountain-waves o'er Ocean's plain,  
 Erect their stormy heads on high :  
 When virgins for their true loves sigh,  
 They raise their weeping eyes to thee ;  
 The Star of Ocean heeds their cry,  
 And saves the foundering bark at sea.

*Ave Maris Stella !*

Star of the dark and stormy sea,  
 When wrecking tempests round us rave,  
 Thy gentle virgin form we see  
 Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.  
 The howling storms that seem to crave  
 Their victims, sink in music sweet  
 The surging seas recede to pave  
 The path beneath thy glistening feet.

*Ave Maris Stella !*

Star of the desert waters wild,  
     Who pitying hears the seaman's cry,  
 The God of mercy, as a child,  
     On that chaste bosom loves to lie;  
     While soft the chorus of the sky  
 Their hymns of tender mercy sing,  
     And angel voices name on high,  
 The mother of the heavenly king,  
     *Ave Maris Stella !*

Star of the deep ! at that blest name  
     The waves sleep silent round the keel,  
 The tempests wild their fury tame  
     That made the deep's foundations reel ;  
     The soft celestial accents steal  
 So soothing through the realms of woe,  
     The newly damned a respite feel  
 From torture, in the depths below  
     *Ave Maris Stella !*

Star of the mild and placid seas,  
 Whom rain-bow rays of mercy crown,  
 Whose name thy faithful Portugueze,  
 O'er all that to the depths go down,  
 With hymns of grateful transport own;  
 When gathering clouds obscure their light,  
 And heaven assumes an awful frown,  
 The Star of Ocean glitters bright.

*Ave Maris Stella !*

Star of the deep ! when angel lyres  
 To hymn thy holy name essay,  
 In vain a mortal harp aspires  
 To mingle in the mighty lay !  
 Mother of God ! one living ray  
 Of hope our grateful bosoms fires,  
 When storms and tempests pass away,  
 To join the bright immortal quires.

*Ave Maris Stella !*

## XXVIII.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.——LEYDEN.

---

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine,  
 What vanity hath brought thee here ?  
 How can I love to see thee shine  
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear !  
 The tent-rope's flapping lone I hear,  
 For twilight-converse, arm in arm;  
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear,  
 When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chericul's dark wandering streams,  
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,  
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams,  
 Of Teviot loved while still a child,  
 Of castled rocks, stupendous piled,  
 By Esk or Eden's classic wave,  
 Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,  
 Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave !

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade !  
 The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,  
 That once so bright on fancy play'd,  
 Revives no more in after time.  
 Far from my sacred natal clime,  
 I haste to an untimely grave ;  
 The daring thoughts, that soar'd sublime,  
 Are sunk in Ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine ! thy yellow light  
 Gleams baleful as the tomb fire drear

A gentle vision comes by night,  
 My lonely widowed heart to cheer ;  
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,  
 That once were guiding stars to mine ;  
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear !—  
 I cannot bear to see thee shine .

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,  
 I left a heart, that loved me true!  
 I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,  
 To roam in climes unkind and new .  
 The cold wind of the stranger blew  
 Chill on my withered heart—the grave  
 Dark and untimely met my view ;  
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave !

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock  
 A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,  
 Now that his frame the lightning shock  
 Of sun-rays tipt with death, has borne,

From love, from friendship, country torn,  
To Memory's fond regrets the prey?  
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn;  
Go, mix thee with thy kindred clay!

## XXIX.

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL. ————— T. MOORE.

---

THEY try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,  
That you're not a daughter of ether and light,  
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms,  
Who dance upon rainbows, and ride upon storms ;  
That, in short, you're a woman, your lip and your breast  
As mortal as ever were tasted and prest !  
But I will not believe it—No, Science ! to you  
I have long bid a last, and a careless adieu ;  
Still flying from nature to study her laws,  
And dulling delight, by exploring its cause,  
You forget how superior for mortals below  
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.



Oh ! who that has ever had rapture complete,  
 Would ask *how* we feel it, or why it is sweet ;  
 How rays are confin'd, or how particles fly  
 Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh—  
 Is there one who but *once* would not rather have known it,  
 Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it ?  
 No, no—but for *you*, my invisible love,  
 I will swear you are one of those spirits that rove  
 By the bank, where at twilight the poet reclines,  
 When the star of the west on his solitude shines,  
 And the magical fingers of Fancy have hung  
 Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue.  
 Oh ! whisper him then, 'tis retirement alone  
 Can hallow his harp, or ennoble its tone ;  
 Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,  
 His song to the world let him utter unseen,  
 And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,  
 Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears !  
 Sweet agent of mystery ! how I should love,  
 In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,

For ever to have you invisibly nigh,  
 Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh !  
 Mid the crowds of the world, and the murmurs of care,  
 I could sometimes converse with my Nymph of the Air,  
 And turn with delight from the clamorous crew,  
 To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.  
 Oh come and be near me, for ever be mine !  
 We shall hold in the air a communion divine,  
 As pure as, of old, was imagin'd to dwell  
 In the grotto of Numa or Socrates' cell :  
 And oft, at those lingering moments of night,  
 Where the heart is weigh'd down, and the eye-lid is light,  
 You shall come to my pillow, and tell me of love,  
 Such as angel to angel might whisper above !  
 Oh spirit !—and then, could you borrow the tone  
 Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,  
 The voice of *the one* upon earth, who has twin'd  
 With her essence for ever my heart and my mind ;  
 Though lonely, and far from the light of her smile,  
 An exile, and weary, and hopeless the while,

Could you shed for a moment her voice on mine ear,  
I will think at that moment my Clara is near ;  
That she comes, with consoling enchantment to speak,  
And kisses my eye-lid, and sighs on my cheek,  
And tells me the night shall go rapidly by,  
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven, is nigh !  
Sweet spirit ! if such be your magical power,  
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour,  
And, let fortune's realities frown as they will,  
Hope, Fancy, and Clara may smile for me still.

## XXX.

THE GIPSEY. ————— WOLLCOT.

---

A wandering gipsy, sirs, am I,  
 From Norwood where we oft complain,  
 With many a tear and many a sigh,  
 Of blust'ring winds and rushing rain.

No costly rooms or gay attire  
 Within our humble shed appear;  
 No beds of down, or blazing fire,  
 At night our shivering limbs to cheer.

Alas ! no friend comes near our cot !  
The redbreasts only find the way,  
Who give their all, a simple note,  
At peep of morn and parting day.

But *fortunes* here I come to tell—  
Then yield me, gentle sir, your hand :—  
Within these lines what thousands dwell—  
And, bless me, what a heap of land !

It surely, sir, must pleasing be  
To hold such wealth in every line—  
Try—pray now try, if you can see  
A little treasure lodged in mine.

## XXXI.

THE HUNTSMAN'S DIRGE. ————— WALDRON.

---

The chace is o'er—the hart is slain !  
The stateliest hart that graced the plain ;  
With breath of bugles wind his knell,  
Then lay him low in death's drear dell !

Nor beauteous form, nor dappled hide,  
Nor branching horns can long abide,  
Nor fleetest foot that scuds the heath  
Escapes the fleeter huntsman—Death.

The hart is slain ! his faithful deer,  
In spite of hounds or huntsman near,  
Despising death and all his train,  
Laments her hart, untimely slain !

The chace is o'er—the hart is slain !  
The gentlest hart that graced the plain ;  
Blow soft your bugles—wind his knell,  
Then lay him low in death's drear dell !

## XXXII.

ON WARTON. ————— HUDDSFORD.

---

MARK the career of Rhedycina's bard ;—  
 Not such his toil, not such his vast reward.  
 Glean'd from antiquity's exhaustless mine,  
 He bade the gems of science brighter shine ;  
 His care retrieved each venerable name  
 Reft by oblivion from the rolls of fame,  
 And with new glory crowned the strains sublime  
 That echoed from the harp of elder time.  
 'Twas his 'midst mouldering palms of chivalry  
 To braid the deathless blooms of poesy ;  
 On learning's gloom the rays of taste to pour,  
 And gild with genuine wit the social hour ;



Affection and applause alike he shar'd;  
 All loved the man, all venerate the bard:  
 Ev'n Prejudice his fate afflicted hears,  
 And letter'd Envy sheds reluctant tears.—  
     Of genius, taste, philanthropy, and sense,  
 Candour and wit—behold the recompense!  
 No sinecure, no venerable stall,  
 He fills, o'ercanopied with crimson pall;  
 No choir obsequious waits his dread commands,  
 Where supple vergers pace with silver wands;  
 Where soft reclines in velvet pomp supreme,  
 Divinity, entranc'd in mitrous dream:  
 No coin his meed—for classic fobs unfit—  
 For ah! what fellowship has wealth with wit!  
 Such worth the laurel could alone repay,  
 Profan'd by Cibber, and contemn'd by Gray, °  
 Yet hence it's wreath shall new distinction claim,  
 And, though it gave not, take from Warton fame.

XXXIII.

LINES FOUND IN A BOWER FACING THE  
SOUTH.—SMYTHE.

---

SOFT cherub of the southern breeze,  
Oh ! thou, whose voice I love to hear,  
When lingering through the rustling trees,  
With lengthened sighs it soothes mine ear ;

Oh ! thou, whose fond embrace to meet,  
The young Spring all enamoured flies,  
And robs thee of thy kisses sweet,  
And on thee pours her laughing eyes !

Thou, at whose call the light fays start,  
 That, silent in their hidden bower,  
 Lie penciling with tenderest art,  
 The blossom thin and infant flower !

Soft cherub of the southern breeze,  
 Oh ! if aright I tune the reed,  
 Which thus thine ear would hope to please,  
 By simple lay, and humble meed ;

And if aright, with anxious zeal,  
 My willing hands this bower have made,  
 Still let this bower thine influence feel,  
 And be its gloom thy favourite shade !

For thee of all the cherub train,  
 Alone my votive Muse would woo,  
 Of all that skim along the main,  
 Or walk at dawn yon mountains blue ;

Of all that slumber in the grove,  
     Or playful urge the goss'mer's flight,  
 Or down the vale or streamlet move,  
     With whisper soft, and pinion light.

I court thee, through the glimmering air,  
     When Morning springs from slumbers still,  
 And waving bright his golden hair,  
     Stands tiptoe on yon eastern hill.

I court thee, when at noon reclined,  
     I watch the murmuring insect throng  
 In many an airy spiral wind,  
     Or silent climb the leaf along.

I court thee, when the flow'rets close,  
     And drink no more receding light,  
 And when calm eve to soft repose  
     Sinks on the bosom of the night ;

And when beneath the moon's pale beam,  
 Alone 'mid shadowy rocks I roam,  
 And waking visions round me gleam,  
 Of beings and of worlds to come.

Smooth glides with thee my pensive hour,  
 That warm'st to life my languid mind;  
 Thou cheer'st a frame with genial power,  
 That droops in every ruder wind.

Breathe, Cherub ! breathe ! once soft and warm,  
 Like thine, the gale of fortune blew ;—  
 How has the desolating storm  
 Swept all I gazed on from my view !

Unseen, unknown, I wait my doom,  
 The haunts of men indignant flee,  
 Hold to my heart a listless gloom,  
 And joy but in the muse and thee.

## XXXIV.

TO HOPE.———HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

---

O, EVER-SKILLED to wear the form we love,  
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,  
Come, gentle Hope ! with one gay smile remove  
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.  
Thy voice, benign enchantress, let me hear ;  
Say that for me some pleasure yet shall bloom !  
That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,  
Shall soften or dispel misfortune's gloom !

But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,  
Which once with dear illusion charm'd my eye ;

O strew no more, sweet flatterer ! on my way,  
The flow'rs I fondly thought too bright to die :  
Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,  
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

## XXXV.

ON A BLACK MARBLE BOWL THAT BELONGED TO  
BURNS. ——— BRAINE.

---

WITH roses crown the sable bowl,  
Sweet soother of the wearied soul,  
And let the grape abound ;  
Shed in the 'midst a sprig of bay,  
Strew ivy leaves, and myrtle spray,  
Let wit and wine flow round.



Pour the luxuriant purple stream,  
 And let each radiant goblet beam,  
     Bright with its brilliant lot;  
 The bard shall now remembered be,  
 With rapture hail'd his memory,  
     Nor the loved maid forgot.

To animate our joys below,  
 To raise the bosom's blissful glow,  
     Do thou thy spells apply,  
 Loved goddess of the tuneful art!  
 Who twinest round the festive heart,  
     The bands of melody.

Nor be thou absent, dimpled Mirth!  
 From thee the frolic Joys had birth,  
     Then bring them in thy train;  
 And far away drive pallid Spleen,  
 With Envy still united seen,  
     Gay, social Pleasure's bane.

And ye, fell fiends, wan Grief, and Care !

With haggard, reckless, gaunt Despair !

To howling wilds retire :

No ills shall here our bliss annoy ;

No voice, but that of mirth and joy

Resound to rapture's lyre.

Why heaves my breast th' unbidden sigh ?

Why, to compassion's pensive eye,

Spontaneous starts the tear ?

Remembrance tells, yon fatal Bowl

The Bard's immortal spirit stole,

And doom'd the untimely bier.

No more the swains of " Bonny Doon "

Shall throng to hear his voice attune

Its " rural minstrelsy ; "

With native humour, feeling, fraught,

Descriptive truth, energetic thought,

And heav'n-taught harmony.

Dire Bowl! to grace thy victim dead,  
 Be thy dark sides with cypress spread,  
     Mix'd with the laurel wreath;  
 While I thy draught Circean shun,  
 Nor by the chalice be undone,  
     That stopp'd his tuneful breath.

May thy dark form, in honour due,  
 Assume a deeper, deadlier hue,  
     And weeping dews distil;  
 Genius—Misfortune—sacred pair!  
 Low in the dust, fall'n in thy snare,  
     One grave united fill.

To fancy's eye, bedimm'd with tears,  
 What habitant of heaven appears  
     In purest white arrayed;  
 With brow sedate, but not severe,  
 And air persuasive, hov'ring near,  
     My just resolve to aid?

Temp'rance ! whose lip of crimson hue  
 No ruddy drops of wine bedew,  
     Of sweetly placid mien ;  
 Whose even pulse no riot knows,  
 Whose breast with no wild fervour glows,  
     A sainted maid serene.

And hark ! her voice of mildest tone !  
 " Oh shun the maid of loosen'd zone,  
     Leave Pleasure, follow me !  
 The muse shall then propitious hear  
 Thy prayer, and whisper in thy ear  
     Pure strains of melody.

" Young Health and Peace, my offspring fair,  
 Shall to thy humble roof repair,  
     With lips exhaling balm ;  
 Shed their kind influence o'er thy mind,  
 Prompt the firm deed, the thought refined,  
     The troubled bosom calm.

Though Pleasure, nymph of artful wile,  
Present the bowl with syren smile,  
    Abstain—for deep beneath,  
Though Joys upon the surface swim,  
And laughing Loves sport round the brim,  
    Lurk dire disease and death.”

## XXXVI.

VOLUNTEER SONG. ————— R. HEBER.

---

SWELL, swell the shrill trumpet clear sounding afar,  
Our sabres flash splendour around ;  
For Freedom has summoned her sons to the war,  
Nor Britain has shrunk from the sound.

Let plunder's vile thirst the invaders inflame ;  
Let slaves for their wages be bold ;  
Shall valour the harvest of avarice claim ?  
Shall Britons be barter'd for gold ?

No ! free be our aid, independent our might,  
Proud honour our guerdon alone ;  
Unbought be the hand that we raise in the fight,  
And the sword that we brandish our own.

And all that we love to our thoughts shall succeed,  
    Their image each labour shall cheer;  
For them we will conquer, for them we will bleed,  
    And our pay be a smile or a tear.

And Oh! if returning triumphant we move,  
    Or sink on the land that we save—  
Oh! blest by his country, his kindred, his love,  
    How vast the reward of the brave!

## XXXVII.

THE DEATH OF TRUE LOVE.——HON. W. R. SPENCER.

---

LAP'D on Cythera's golden sands

When first True Love was born on earth,  
Long was the doubt what fost'ring hands  
Should tend and rear the glorious birth.

First Hebe claim'd the sweet employ ;

Her cup, her thornless flow'rs, she said,  
Would feed him best with health and joy,  
And cradle best his cherub head.



But anxious Venus justly fear'd  
 The tricks and changeful mind of youth;  
 Too mild the seraph Peace appear'd,  
 Too stern, too cold, the matron Truth.

Next Fancy claim'd him for her own,  
 But Prudence disallow'd her right;  
 She deem'd her Iris pinions shone  
 Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To Hope awhile the charge was given,  
 And well with Hope the cherub strove;  
 'Till Innocence came down from heaven,  
 Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of Love.

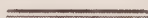
Pleasure grew mad with envious spite,  
 When all prefer'd to her she found—  
 She vow'd full vengeance for the slight,  
 And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The traitress watch'd a sultry hour,  
When pillow'd on her blush-rose bed,  
Tired Innocence to slumber's pow'r  
One moment bow'd her virgin head.

Then Pleasure on the thoughtless child  
Her joys, and sugar'd poisons prest:  
Drunk with new joy, he heaved, he smiled,  
Reel'd, sunk, and died upon her breast.

XXXVIII.

TO \* \* \* \* \*——HON. R. W. SPENCER.



Too late I staid—forgive the crime,  
     Unheeded flew the hours;  
 How noiseless falls the foot of Time,  
     That only treads on flowers !

What eye with clear account remarks  
     The ebbing of the glass,  
 When all its sands are diamond sparks,  
     Which dazzle as they pass !

Oh ! who to sober measurement  
Time's happy swiftness brings,  
When Birds of Paradise have lent  
Their plumage for his wings !

XXXIX.

EPITAPH ON THE YEAR 1806.—HON. R. W. SPENCER.

---

'Tis gone, with its thorns and its roses,  
 With the dust of dead ages to mix!  
 Time's charnel for ever incloses  
 The Year Eighteen Hundred and Six!

Though many may question thy merit,  
 I duly thy dirge will perform,  
 Content if thy heir but inherit  
 Thy portion of sunshine and storm.

My blame and my blessing thou sharest,  
 For black were thy moments in part ;  
 But oh ! thy fair days were the fairest  
 That ever have shone on my heart !

If thine was a gloom the completest  
 That Death's darkest cypress could throw,  
 Thine too was a garland the sweetest  
 That life in full blossom could show !

One hand gave the balmy corrector  
 Of ills which the other had brew'd,—  
 One draught from thy chalice of nectar  
 All taste of thy bitter subdued.

'Tis gone with its thorns and its roses !  
 With *mine*, tears more precious may mix  
 To hallow this midnight which closes  
 The Year Eighteen Hundred and Six !

L. 6. Alluding to the death of my dearest friend and relation, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

XL.

TO LAURA.—D'ISRAELI.



OH Laura! quit the noisy town,  
 And fashion's persecuting reign:  
 Health wanders on the breezy down,  
 And Science on the silent plain.

How long from art's reflected hues  
 Shalt thou a mimick charm receive?  
 Believe, my fair! the faithful muse,  
 They spoil the blush they cannot give.

Must ruthless art, with torturing steel,  
 Thy artless locks of gold deface,  
 In serpent folds their charms conceal,  
 And spoil, at every touch, a grace?

Too sweet thy youth's enchanting bloom,  
 To waste on midnight's sordid crews:  
 Let wrinkled age the night consume,  
 For age has but its hoards to lose!

Sacred to love and sweet repose,  
 Behold, that trellised bower is nigh!  
 That bower the lilac walls inclose,  
 Safe from pursuing scandal's eye.

There, as in every lock of gold  
 Some flower of pleasing hue I weave,  
 A goddess shall the muse behold,  
 And many a votive sigh shall heave.



So the rude Tartar's holy rite  
A feeble mortal once array'd,  
Then trembled at that mortal's sight,  
And own'd *divine* the power he *made*.

## XLI.

SONG. ——— ANDREW M'DONALD.

---

IF to gaze on thee waking, with love never ceasing,  
And fondly watch o'er thee in slumber when laid;  
Each tender dear moment my passion increasing,  
If this be betraying, thou shalt be betrayed.

If to mark every look, and obey every glance,  
Thy sorrows to lighten, thy raptures to aid,  
Thy transport by every soft art to enhance,  
If this can betray thee, thou shalt be betrayed.

## XLII.

TO SLEEP. ————— DR CURRIE.

---

OH Sleep! that o'er my ardent brain  
Didst still diffuse thy opiate dew,  
To sooth my care through night's dull reign,  
And vanish as the morning grew ;

Though the smooth couch my limbs receives,  
And softest down supports my head,  
With thought and care my bosom heaves,  
And all thy pleasing spells are fled.

Then, power benignant ! hither turn,  
 Again thine influence o'er me steal ;  
 Bid my warm heart forget to mourn,  
 And my keen senses cease to feel.

Kindly thou list'st thy vot'ry's prayer,  
 Soft ruler of the midnight hour !  
 In slumber sink the forms of care,  
 And brighter visions speak thy power.

Round me the notes of music swell,  
 See ! green woods wave ! bright waters gleam !  
 Scenes of my youth ! I know you well,  
 Scenes of my youth ! by Kirtle's stream.

Here many a long-lost friend is found ;  
 A father's, sister's form I view.  
 What angel wakes the harp's soft sound  
 Ah ! once lov'd Mary, is it you !

The landscape smiles, the air is calm,—  
 Soft breezes round my temples play :  
 My bosom feels a sacred calm,  
 Blest presage of immortal day.

But the sky lours,—dim wave the shades ;  
 Deep sighs and groans assail mine ear ;  
 A babe's loud wailings pierce the glade,  
 My infant's cries I seem to hear.

Sudden a Spectre near me stands ;  
 His eye is on me fierce and wild.  
 A child is in his boney hands,—  
 It shrieks !—oh heaven, my dying child !

High heaves my breast, my pulses fail ;  
 An icy coldness o'er me creeps ;  
 Convulsive pangs my frame assail,  
 And burst the leaden chains of sleep.

And do I wake!—oh fearful night!  
Sleep! thy curst spells deceive, ensnare.  
Fly, dæmon! fly my aching sight,  
And leave my heart to thought and care.

XLIII.

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

—————WALTER SCOTT.



TAKE these flowers which, purple waving,  
     On the ruined rampart grew,  
 Where, the sons of freedom braving,  
     Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger  
     Pluck no longer laurels there :  
 They but yield the passing stranger  
     Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

## XLIV.

\* THE BARD'S INCANTATION.——WALTER SCOTT.

---

The Forest of Glenmore is drear,  
It is all of black pine, and the dark oak-tree ;  
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,  
Is whistling the forest-lullaby :—  
The moon looks through the drifting storm,  
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,  
For the waves roll whitening to the land,  
And dash against the shelvy strand.

\* Written under the threat of invasion, in the autumn of  
1804.



There is a voice among the trees

That mingles with the groaning oak—

That mingles with the stormy breeze,

And the lake-waves dashing against the rock;—

There is a voice within the wood,

The voice of the Bard in fitful mood,

His song was louder than the blast,

As the Bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

“ Wake ye from your sleep of death,

“ Minstrels and Bards of other days !

“ For the midnight wind is on the heath,

“ And the midnight meteors dimly blaze ;

“ The spectre with his bloody hand, \*

“ Is wandering through the wild woodland ;

“ The owl and the raven are mute for dread,

“ And the time is meet to awake the dead!

\* The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Lhamdearg, or Red-hand.

"Souls of the mighty ! wake and say,  
 " To what high strain your harps were strung,  
 " When Lochlin ploughed her billowy way,  
 " And on your shores her Norsemen flung ?  
 " Her Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,  
 " Skilled to prepare the raven's food,  
 " All by your harpings doom'd to die  
 " On bloody Largs and Loncarty. \*

" Mute are ye all ? No murmurs strange  
 " Upon the midnight breeze sail by ;  
 " Nor through the pines with whistling change,  
 " Mimic the harp's wild harmony !  
 " Mute are ye now ?—Ye ne'er were mute,  
 " When Murder with his bloody foot,  
 " And Rapine with his iron hand,  
 " Were hovering near your mountain strand.

\* Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.

" O yet awake the strain to tell,  
   " By every deed in song enroll'd,  
 " By every chief who fought or fell,  
   " For Albion's weal in battle bold ;—  
 " From Coilgach, \* first who roll'd his car,  
 " Through the deep ranks of Roman war,  
 " To him, of veteran memory dear,  
 " Who victor died on Aboukir.

" By all their swords, by all their scars,  
   " By all their names, a mighty spell !  
 " By all their wounds, by all their wars,  
   " Arise, the mighty strain to tell ;  
 " For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,  
 " More impious than the heathen Dane,  
 " More grasping than all-grasping Rome,  
 " Gaul's ravening legions hither come !"—

\* The Galgacus of Tacitus.

The wind is hush'd, and still the lake—

Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,  
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,

At the dread voice of other years—

“ When targets clash'd, and bugles rung,

“ And blades round warriors' heads were flung,

“ The foremost of the band were we,

“ And hymn'd the joys of Liberty !”

## XLV.

THE VIOLET.——WALTER SCOTT.

---

THE violet, in her green-wood bower,  
Where birchen boughs with hazles mingle,  
May boast itself the fairest flower  
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,  
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining ;  
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,  
More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,  
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;  
Nor longer in my false love's eye,  
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

## XLVI.

SONG.—GEORGE CANNING.

---

IF hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,  
The sky if no longer dark tempests deform;  
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?  
No—here's to the Pilot that weather'd the storm.

At the footstool of Power let Flattery fawn,  
Let Fashion her idols extol to the skies;  
To virtue in humble retirement withdrawn,  
Unblam'd may the accent of gratitude rise.

And shall not HIS mem'ry to Britons be dear,  
 Whose example with envy all nations behold;  
 A statesman unbiassed by int'rest or fear,  
 By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold?

Who, when terror and doubt through the universe reign'd,  
 While rapine and treason their ensigns unfurl'd,  
 The heart and the hopes of his country maintain'd,  
 And one kingdom preserv'd midst the wrecks of the world.

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,  
 While the beams of the sun in full majesty shine;  
 When he sinks into twilight with fondness we gaze,  
 And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

So, PITT ! when the course of thy greatness is o'er ,  
 Thy talents, thy virtues we fondly recal !  
 Now justly we praise thee, whom lost we deplore,  
 Admir'd in thy zenith, belov'd in thy fall !



O! take then, for dangers by wisdom repell'd,  
For evils by courage and constancy brav'd ;  
O! take, for a throne by thy counsels upheld,  
The thanks of a people thy firmness has saved.

And oh ! if again the rude whirlwind should rise,  
The dawning of peace should fresh darkness deform ;  
The regrets of the good, and the fears of the wise,  
Shall turn to the Pilot that weather'd the storm.

## XLVII.

SONG. ——— GEORGE CANNING. \*

'MID the tempest that o'er her horizon is spread,  
 'Mid the bolts that around her in thunder are huri'd,  
 Behold where Britannia raises her head,  
 And stands like a tower, the last hope of the world.

The nations of Europe, ah ! where are they gone ?  
 They that shrunk from the lightning, and bow'd to the blast :  
 Still nearer and nearer the deluge rolls on,  
 High swoln by the ruins o'er which it has past.

\* This song was sung at a dinner given to the Spanish ambassadors at the London Tavern, on the 6th August, 1808.

But mark where at length a new promise of day  
 Breaks bright in the east, and bids anarchy cease ;  
 As it rises in splendour the gloom shall give way  
 To freedom's calm breeze, and the sunshine of peace.

True sons of IBERIA, boldly you arm,  
 Your homes and your altars from robbers to save,  
 While Beauty excites you, and mingles her charm,  
 E'en in Chivalry's land to inspirit the brave.

'Tis in proud usurpation and tyranny's spite,  
 'Gainst ambition most lawless, 'gainst treason most foul ;  
 'Tis for Loyalty, Law, and Religion you fight,  
 For all that can rouse or ennoble the soul.

And shall you not conquer ? O hear us, kind Heav'n !  
 (Thy aid we invoke, as in thee is our trust ;)   
 To Spain be the harvest, to us be but given  
 The glory of aiding the cause of the just !

Then think not in idle profusion we feast,

While our hearts with our toasts in pure unison flow ;

New hopes shall inspire each illustrious guest,

And the story they tell shall prove death to the foe.

Henceforward false int'rest shall sever no more

The Queen of the Indies, and Queen of the Waves ;

They honour their king, their Creator adore,

And, of tyrants the scourges, will never be slaves.

XLVIII.

CAROLINE. ——— THOMAS CAMPBELL.

PART I.

---

I'LL bid my hyacinth to blow,  
     I'll teach my grotto green to be ;  
 And sing my true love, all below  
     The holly bower, and myrtle tree.

There, all his wild-wood scents to bring,  
     The sweet South Wind shall wander by ;  
 And, with the music of his wing,  
     Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,  
 Thou spirit of a milder clime !  
 Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,  
 Of mountain heath and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,  
 Sweet comrade of the rosy day,  
 Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,  
 Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay !

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,  
 Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,  
 Come to my blossom-woven shade,  
 Thou wand'ring Wind of fairy land !

For sure from some enchanted isle,  
 Where Heav'n and Love their sabbath hold,  
 Where pure and happy spirits smile,  
 Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould ;

From some green Eden of the deep,  
     Where pleasure's sigh alone is heav'd,  
 Where tears of rapture lovers weep,  
     Endear'd, undoubting, undeceiv'd;

From some sweet Paradise afar,  
     Thy music wanders, distant, lost;  
 Where Nature lights her leading star,  
     And love is never, never cross'd.

Oh! gentle gale of Eden bowers,  
     If back thy rosy feet should roam,  
 To revel with the cloudless Hours,  
     In nature's more propitious home—

Name to thy lov'd Elysian groves,  
     That o'er enchanted spirits twine,  
 A fairer form than cherub loves,  
     And let the name be CAROLINE.

XLIX.

CAROLINE. — THOMAS CAMPBELL.

PART II.

---

GEM of the crimson-colour'd even, .

Companion of retiring day,

Why at the closing gates of heaven,

Beloved star, dost thou delay ?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,

When soft the tear of twilight flows,

So due thy plighted step returns

To chambers brighter than the rose;



To peace, to pleasure, and to love,  
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be,  
 Sure some enamoured orb above  
 Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,  
 When all unheavenly passions fly ;  
 Chased by the soul-subduing power  
 Of love's delicious witchery.

Oh ! sacred to the fall of day,  
 Queen of propitious stars, appear !  
 And early rise, and long delay,  
 When CAROLINE herself is here.

Shine on her chosen green resort,  
 Where trees the sunward summit crown ;  
 And wanton flowers, that well may court  
 An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,  
 Thou star of evening's purple dome !  
 That lead'st the nightingale abroad,  
 And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine, where my charmer's sweeter breath  
 Embalms thy soft exhaling dew ;  
 Where dying winds a sigh bequeath,  
 To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where, winnow'd, by the gentle air,  
 Her silken tresses darkly flow,  
 And fall upon her brows so fair,  
 Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,  
 In converse sweet to wander far,  
 Oh ! bring with thee my CAROLINE,  
 And thou shalt be my ruling star !

## L.

EVENING, NIGHT, AND MORNING.——MRS HUNTER.

---

---

WHERE moss-grown rocks, with ivy crown'd,  
 Impending cast terrific shade,  
 While Echo faintly murmurs round,  
 And fancy wakes the sleeping dead,  
 At Ev'ning's still and sober hour  
 I watch the owlet's oaken bower :

'Till o'er the visionary plain,  
 The sable Queen, in solemn state,  
 Begins her silent, awful reign :  
 Dark shadowy forms around her wait,  
 Such as alarm the guilty breast,  
 And glare on care's unquiet rest.

But now, before the dawning day,  
    Their shapes dissolve in empty air ;  
Gliding on wings of mist away,  
    When the lark greets the morning star.  
Hark ! where aloft her descant rings,  
While Phœbus o'er the hills his golden mantle flings.

## LI.

TO THE MEMORY OF COWPER.——MRS HUNTER.

---

'Tis not thy Muse, tho' tuneful is her song,  
 Which draws me, Cowper, weeping to thy tomb,  
 Nor could thy Grecian lore thy fame prolong  
 In memory, through time's revolving gloom,  
 Were not thy gifts of nature, and of art,  
 Join'd to the treasure of a feeling heart.—

Form'd for each dear delight by man enjoy'd,  
 For love, for friendship, and each social tie,  
 The nipping blast of fate thy hopes destroy'd,  
 And in the bud thy rose was doom'd to die:  
 Friendship remained, and there thy lot was bless'd,  
 Of ev'ry kindly heart, as soon as known, possess'd.

Oh soul of tenderness ! though thou art flown,  
Still shall thy fair example teach the age,  
That gentle sympathies perform alone  
More than e'er wit or wisdom taught the sage :  
They bind in bonds of love the captive will,  
In sickness, sorrow, death, unchanging still.

## LII.

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.——WESTALL.

---

WHAT time the once unnoticed tide,  
Fast swelling, rolls, a torrent wide;  
What time the fields are frequent strown  
With scattered leaves of yellow brown;  
What time the hawthorn berries glow,  
And, touch'd by frost, the ripen'd sloe  
Less crudely tastes; and when the sheep  
Together in the valleys keep;  
And all the smaller birds appear  
In flocks, and mourn the alter'd year;  
The careful rustic marks the signs  
Of winter, marks them and repines;

Swift to the neighb'ring wood he goes,  
 Its branches fall beneath his blows,  
 And, as they fall, his healthy brood  
 In bundles tie the sapless wood,  
 And bear it on their heads away,  
 As fuel for the wintry day.  
 At length the chilling mists arise  
 Wide o'er the earth, and veil the skies;  
 The feather'd show'r falls thickly down,  
 And deeper seems dark winter's frown;  
 The north-wind hollow murm'ring blows,  
 And drives in heaps the falling snows;  
 While Fancy, (now without her flowers,  
 Her wand'ring streams, her mystic bowers,)  
 Delighted, rides upon the wind,  
 And shapes the wild forms to her mind.  
 Me, when the rising morning breaks  
 The rear of night, with ruddy streaks,  
 She calls, the alter'd scenes to view,  
 And fill the soul with features new.



How chang'd, how silent is the grove,  
 Late the gay haunt of youth and love !  
 Its tangling branches now are shorn  
 Of leafy honours, and upborne  
 By their close tops, the snow has made  
 Beneath a strange and solemn shade.  
 Here oft with careless ease I lay  
 On the green lap of genial May :  
 Dear was the stream, whose bottom shone  
 With fragments rude of sculptur'd stone,  
 Which from yon abbey's ivy'd wall,  
 Shook by the wind, would often fall ;  
 Dear was the sound its waters made,  
 As down the pebbled slope they play'd.  
 I hear not now its mimic roar,  
 Seiz'd by the frost it sounds no more ;  
 But dreary, mute, and sad it stands,  
 Torpid beneath chill winter's hands.  
 Stern Power ! be mine with wary feet,  
 On the bleak heath thy form to meet

Full oft, but only when the day  
Of half its terrors robs thy sway ;  
Ne'er be my daring footsteps found  
On aught but closely shelter'd ground,  
When Thou and Night, disastrous pair !  
With fear and darkness fill the air.

LIII.

THE NYMPH OF THE STREAM.——MRS HUNTER.

---

NYMPH of the mountain-stream, thy foaming urn  
 Wastes its pure waters on the rock below ;  
 There no green herbage shall a leaf return,  
 No plant can flourish and no flow'r can blow ;  
 Stern Solitude, whose frown the heart appals,  
 Dwells on the heath-clad hills, around thy waterfalls.

Yet not in vain thy murm'ring fountain flows,  
 It cheers the wand'rer in the dreary waste ;  
 Awakes dull Silence from his deep repose,  
 And charms the eye, the ear, the soul, of taste.  
 For this the grateful muse in fancy twines  
 Around thy urn, the rose and waving wild woodbines.

And when far distant from the glowing scene  
Of castles, winding straths, and tufted woods,  
From Lomond's fairy banks, and islands green,  
His cloud-capt mountains, and his silver floods ;  
Mem'ry shall turn in many a waking dream,  
To meet thee, lonely Nymph ! beside thy mountain-stream

## LIV.

TO THE PRIMROSE. ————— MRS HUNTER.

---

THE sun declines, his parting ray  
Shall bear the cheerful light away,  
And on the landscape close;  
Then will I seek the lonely vale,  
Where sober ev'ning's primrose pale,  
To greet the night-star blows.

Soft melancholy bloom, to thee  
I turn, with conscious sympathy,  
Like thee my hour is come;  
When length'ning shadows slowly fade,  
Till lost in universal shade,  
They sink beneath the tomb.

By thee I'll sit, and inly muse,  
What are the charms in life we lose

When time demands our breath.

Alas ! the load of lengthen'd age  
Has little can our wish engage,

Or point the shaft of death.

No, 'tis alone the pang to part  
With those we love, that rends the heart ;

That agony to save,

Some nameless cause in nature strives ;

Like thee, in shades, our hope revives,

And blossoms in the grave.

## LVI.

SONNET.—SOTHEY.

How, as I grace with thee my opening lay,  
 How, with what language, Mary ! may I greet  
 Thy matron ear, that truth's pure utterance meet  
 Sound not like Flatt'ry ? In life's youthful day,  
 When to thy charms and virgin beauty bright  
 I tuned my numbers, Hope, enchantress fair,  
 Trick'd a gay world with colours steep'd in air,  
 And suns that never set in envious night.  
 Ah ! since that joyous prime, beloved wife !  
 Years, mix'd of good and ill, have o'er us past ;  
 And I have seen, at times, thy smile o'ercast  
 With sadness—not the less my lot of life

With thee has been most blissful.—Heav'nly Peace,

Thy guardian angel, Mary! has beguiled

My woe, and sooth'd my wayward fancy wild.

Nor shall its soothing influence ever cease,

Thou present, weal or woe, as may betide!

Hail Wife and Mother, lov'd beyond the Bride!



## LVI.

PERSIUS, A VISION. ——— W. DRUMMOND.

---

LATE as I slumber'd in yon woodbine bow'r,  
 And Fancy ruled the visionary hour;  
 Methought, conducted by an unknown hand,  
 I roam'd, delighted, o'er Liguria's land;  
 Beheld its forests spread before my eyes,  
 Its fanes, its palaces, its temples rise:  
 When lo, the sun-burnt Genius of the soil,  
 Ruddy his cheek, his arm inured to toil,  
 Before me walk'd, and to a gloomy shade,  
 O'ergrown with herbage wild, my steps convey'd.

Clear'd the rude path, and with his birchen spear  
 Show'd where a laurel, half conceal'd, grew near.  
 Behold that tree, he cried, neglected pine,  
 Hang its green bays, its drooping head decline;  
 The Muses bade it for their Persius bloom,  
 O'ershade his ashes, and adorn his tomb.  
 Rapt Meditation oft, by moonlight eve,  
 To wander here, a world unloved would leave,  
 Self-communing: here patient Grief would fly,  
 And lift to heav'n the tear-unsullied eye:  
 Here stern Philosophy would muse alone,  
 And Wisdom call'd this peaceful grove her own:  
 Religion, too, would quit celestial bowers,  
 In this fair spot to gather earthly flowers.  
 But envious thorns, that none its worth might see,  
 Sprang from the ground to hide this beauteous tree;  
 Haste then, O stranger, to this place draw nigh,  
 To kill the brambles, lest the laurel die.  
 Straight as he spake, methought an axe I seized,  
 (For Fancy smiled, and with the work was pleased,)

Already the rude wilderness was clear'd,  
And the green laurel full in view appear'd ;  
When his dark wings retiring Morpheus spread,  
And the loved vision with my slumbers fled.  
Oft, since that hour, I've linger'd o'er thy page,  
O youth, lamented at too green an age!  
And if the Muse, propitious, hear my strains,  
Assist the labour, or reward the pains,  
That laurel, Persius, which once bloom'd for thee,  
Again shall flourish and revive for me.

## LVII.

THE SHADES OF COILSFIELD.——MRS HUNTER.

---

DEAR shades, beneath your arching boughs,  
Where the pure stream in silence flows,  
At noontide hour;  
The fairy Fancy loves to stray,  
While sunbeams through the branches play,  
Within her bower.

Along the glassy river's side,  
Her light steps o'er the verdure glide,  
No print is seen;  
Gay sportive thoughts are in her train,  
And Hope, with all her wishes vain,  
In mantle green.

Beneath her feet the flowrets spring,  
The birds their gayest carols sing,

On ev'ry spray :

Around her dwells a potent charm,  
Her smiles the cares of life disarm,  
They steal away.

## LVIII.

THE POET TO THE MUSE.——EDWARD COXE.

*Sovra le gemme e l'oro,  
Hanno i versi sovente il pregio loro.*

Compar'd to deathless verse how cold  
The brightest gem, the purest gold !

---

DEAR Muse! my balm, my solace, and delight,  
Through many a languid day, and restless night;  
From whose lov'd haunts, and ever-verdant bower,  
Oft, when a boy, I pluck'd a random flower;  
To whom, these solitary wilds along,  
I pour this unpremeditated song:  
O, still through life, whate'er the remnant be,  
Beam, heav'nly guest, thy radiant smiles on me.

For ah ! to me, without their sacred light,  
 No rose were blooming, and no lily bright !  
 O'er fields, and groves, in freshest green array'd,  
 Nature would seem to throw her darkest shade :  
 Dumb were the rill that murmurs through the vale,  
 And harsh the sweetly plaintive nightingale ;  
 Joyless the purple dawn, eve's golden ray,  
 And silver moonbeam, lovelier still than they !  
 The ling'ring cloud of winter's frown severe  
 No spring could soften, and no summer cheer,  
 Each genial shower a chilling mist would be,  
 And Zephyr whisp'ring Flora mute to me ;  
 Even Autumn, when he wakes man's grateful strain,  
 For me would pour his plenteous horn in vain ;  
 While their own Bard, whose glowing tints unfold  
 The varying Seasons, without thee were cold.

Slaves to the world, who court ambition's shrine,  
 Or toil for gold, as if ye digg'd the mine !

What are your joys to those, their thoughts inspire,  
 Whose life are breath'd on by your fire?  
 Your dear-ought wealth more splendidly bestow,  
 Your present splendour like a vision fade;  
 But the Muse, herating death's stainless gleam,  
 Comes to her aid, dies to survive the name!  
 Since then, celestial Muse, let Time nor Time  
 Eclipse the glory of those Bard's sublime,  
 Whose name with Laurel time has deign'd to crown;  
 O! let the boy's humblest wreath be mine!  
 So shall my verse, though little known to fame,  
 Preserve awhile my perishable name;  
 And when, alas! this transient being ends,  
 Search the keen eyes of beloved friends!

What, though I never war'd an eagle wing,  
 Still that eagle, with pure heart, shall sing  
 Some modest lover, that stuns the ears of day,  
 And o'er my grave inscribe this ardent lay:  
 While kindred sorrow and the mortal eye weeps,  
 Dwell on each line, look's over it, and weeps!



“ HERE he reposes, to whose lyre was dear  
Love’s softest sigh, and Pity’s tenderest tear;  
For oft its plaintive melody would swell  
Those sweet emotions that he knew too well !  
Yet, with our frames, as human passions die,  
(Since perfect peace inhabits yonder sky,)  
O, may his frailties sleep beneath this sod,  
And rise not with him when he meets his God !”

## LIX.

THE BANKS OF ESK. ——— RICHARDSON.

---

THERE's hardly motion in the air,  
To waft the floating gossamer;  
Along the placid azure sky,  
The clouds in fleecy fragments lie,  
Like the thin veil o'er beauty's face,  
Conferring more endearing grace.  
Again I gaze upon thy stream,  
Loved scene of many a youthful dream,  
Where rosy Hope, with syren tongue,  
Caroll'd her fond alluring song.  
And led my raptur'd soul along.—

Why is thy murmur to my ear  
 So full of sorrow, yet so dear !  
 Why does the rustling of thy woods,  
 The roll of thy autumnal floods,  
 Re-echo'd by a hollow moan,  
 Sounds so peculiarly thine own,  
 Awake in strange alternate measure,  
 Thoughts of woe, and thoughts of pleasure !  
 'Tis, that, once more, thy scenes can give  
 Times that in memory hardly live,  
 And youth again, with angel smile,  
 A fleeting moment can beguile,  
 And bid, as in the wizard's glass,  
 His shadowy visions gleam, and pass,  
 Till quick returns the present doom,  
 Involving all in double gloom.

\* \* \* \* \*

## LX.

LOVE. ——— SOUTHEY.

---

THEY sin who tell us Love can die.  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.  
Earthly these passions, as of earth,  
They perish where they have their birth.  
But Love is indestructible ;  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;

Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times opprest,  
It here is tried and purified,  
And hath in heaven its perfect rest ;  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of Love is there.  
Oh ! when a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
The day of woe, the anxious night,  
For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
An over-payment of delight !

## LXI.

TO \* \* \* ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER. ——— ROGER

---

AH! little thought she, when, with wild delight,  
By many a torrent's shining track she flew,  
When mountain-glens, and caverns full of night  
O'er her young mind divine enchantment threw ;

That in her veins a secret horror slept,  
That her light footsteps should be heard no more ;  
That she should die—nor watch'd, alas ! nor wept  
By thee, unconscious of the pangs she bore.

Yet round her couch indulgent fancy drew  
The kindred forms her closing eyes required.  
There didst thou stand—there, with the smile she knew,  
She mov'd her lips to bless thee, and expired.

And now to thee she comes, still, still the same,  
As in the hours gone unregarded by !  
To thee how changed, comes, as she ever came,  
Health on her cheek, and pleasure in her eye !

Nor less, less oft, as on that day appears,  
When, lingering as prophetic of the truth,  
By the way-side she shed her parting tears—  
For ever lovely in the light of youth !

## LXII.

THE KITTEN.——JOANNA BAILLIE.

---

WANTON drole, whose harmless play  
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,  
When drawn the ev'ning fire about,  
Sit aged Crone, and thoughtless Lout,  
And child upon his three-foot stool,  
Waiting till his supper cool ;  
And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,  
As bright the blazing faggot glows,  
Who, bending to the friendly light,  
Plies her task with busy sleight ;



Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces  
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd, and crouching low,  
With glaring eye-balls watch thy foe,  
The housewife's spindle whirling round,  
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground  
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly  
Held out to lure thy roving eye ;  
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring  
Upon the futile, faithless thing.  
Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill,  
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,  
As oft beyond thy curving side  
Its jetty tip is seen to glide ;  
Till, from thy centre starting far,  
Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in air,  
Erected stiff, and gait awry,  
Like Madam in her tantrums high :

Though ne'er a Madam of them all  
 Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,  
 More varied trick and whim displays,  
 To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

Doth power in measured verses dwell,  
 All thy vagaries wild to tell ?  
 Ah no ! the start, the jet, the bound,  
 The giddy scamper round and round,  
 With leap, and jerk, and high curvet,  
 And many a whirling somerset,  
 (Permitted be the modern Muse  
 Expression technical to use)  
 These mock the deftest rhymester's skill,  
 But poor in art, though rich in will.

The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,  
 To thee is but a clumsy wight,  
 Who every limb and sinew strains  
 To do what costs thee little pains,

For which, I trow, the gaping crowd  
 Requites him oft with plaudits loud.  
 But, stopped the while thy wanton play,  
 Applauses, too, *thy* feats repay:  
 For then, beneath some urchin's hand,  
 With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,  
 While many a stroke of fondness glides  
 Along thy back and tabby sides.  
 Dilated swells thy glossy fur,  
 And loudly sings thy busy pur ;  
 As, timing well the equal sound,  
 Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,  
 And all their harmless claws disclose,  
 Like prickles of an early rose ;  
 While softly from thy whiskered cheek  
 Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But, not alone by cottage fire  
 Do rustics rude thy feats admire :

The learned sage, whose thoughts explore  
The widest range of human lore,  
Or, with unfettered fancy, fly  
Through airy heights of poesy,  
Pausing, smiles with altered air  
To see thee climb his elbow chair,  
Or, struggling on the mat below,  
Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe.  
The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,  
Who in the still, but cheerless shade  
Of home unsocial, spends her age,  
And rarely turns a lettered page ;  
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall  
The rounded cork, or paper ball,  
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch  
The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,  
But lets thee have thy wayward will,  
Perplexing oft her sober skill.  
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,  
In lonely tower or prison pent,

Reviews the wit of former days,  
 And loaths the world and all its ways ;  
 What time the lamp's unsteady gleam  
 Doth rouse him from his moody dream,  
 Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,  
 His heart with pride less fiercely beat,  
 And smiles, a link in thee to find  
 That joins him still to living kind.

Whence hast thou then, thou witless puss,  
 The magic power to charm us thus ?  
 Is it, that in thy glaring eye,  
 And rapid movements, we descry,  
 While we at ease, secure from ill,  
 The chimney corner snugly fill,  
 A lion, darting on the prey,  
 A tyger, at his ruthless play ?  
 Or, is it, that in thee we trace,  
 With all thy varied wanton grace,

An emblem view'd with kindred eye,  
 Of tricksy, restless infancy ?  
 Ah ! many a lightly-sportive child,  
 Who hath, like thee, our wits beguil'd,  
 To dull and sober manhood grown,  
 With strange recoil our hearts disown.  
 Even so, poor Kit ! must thou endure,  
 When thou becom'st a cat demure,  
 Full many a cuff and angry word,  
 Chid roughly from the tempting board,  
 And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,  
 So oft our favoured playmate been,  
 Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,  
 When time hath spoiled thee of our love ;  
 Still be thou deem'd, by housewife fat,  
 A comely, careful, mousing cat,  
 Whose dish is, for the public good,  
 Replenish'd oft with sav'ry food.

Nor, when thy span of life is past,  
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast,  
But gently borne on good man's spade,  
Beneath the decent sod be laid,  
And children show, with glist'ning eyes,  
The place where poor old Pussy lies.

---

Though this Poem was written before the publication of Mr Wordsworth's last volumes, no part of which, either in manuscript or any other form, the writer of this had ever seen, there is certainly a similarity in some of its thoughts to his very pleasing poem of the Kitten and the Fallen Leaves.

## LXIII.

THE HEATHCOCK,———JOANNA BAILLIE.

---

GOOD morrow to thy sable beak,  
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek,  
Thy crimson moon, and azure eye,  
Cock of the Heath, so wildly shy !  
I see thee, slyly cowering through  
That wiry web of silver dew,  
That twinkles in the morning air,  
Like casement of my lady fair.



A maid there is in yonder tower,  
 Who, peeping from her early bower,  
 Half shows, like thee with simple wile,  
 Her braided hair, and morning smile.  
 The rarest things, with wayward will,  
 Beneath the covert hide them still ;  
 The rarest things to light of day,  
 Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight,  
 I sunn'd me in her cheering sight ;  
 And short, I ween, the time will be,  
 That I shall parley hold with thee.  
 Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day,  
 The climbing herd-boy chaunts his lay,  
 The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring,—  
 Thou art already on the wing.

Music for this and the succeeding Song by Miss Baillie, will  
 be found in Mr Thomson's Collection of Welch Airs, adapted  
 by Haydn.

## LXIV.

SONG.———JOANNA BAILLIE.

---

O WELCOME bat, and owlet grey,  
Thus winging low your airy way;  
And welcome moth, and drowsy fly,  
That to mine ear come humming by;  
And welcome shadows long and deep,  
And stars that from the blue sky peep;  
Oh, welcome all ! to me ye say,  
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair,  
Her breath is in the dewy air,  
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound  
That steals along the stilly ground.  
Oh dawn of day, in rosy bower,  
What art to this witching hour !  
Oh noon of day, in sunshine bright,  
What art thou to this fall of night !

## LXV.

ELLEN. ————— SMYTH.

---

THREE years of misfortune, my Ellen, are gone  
And still, unabated, the tempest raves on ;  
With new forms of sorrow each season appears,  
And injury goads us, and cruelty sneers :—  
In the darkness of poverty waste and expire  
Thy glances of beauty, thy talents of fire ;  
And hard is the fortune of Ellen, I own,  
With me in a cot, who might honour a throne.

But thou, lovely Ellen, art ever the same,  
No look of unkindness, no accent of blame ;—  
All courage and constancy,—steady to save  
The wreck while it yet can be seen on the wave.  
Still soothing and tender, my bliss and my pride,  
The same lovely Ellen I woo'd for my bride :  
A merit like thine, ev'ry merit above,  
How can I repay it—oh Ellen, my love !

LXVI.

WAR SONG.—JAMES GRAHAME.

---

WHILE the cannon loud are roaring,  
While the shattered columns form  
See the Spanish standard soaring  
Like the eagle in the storm.

Forward, Spaniards, never daunted,  
Forward, in resistless flood,  
Prove your foes have vainly vaunted,  
Quench their linstocks in their blood.

Written in August, 1808.

List ! the murderous platooning,  
There, your captive brothers fell ;  
Mark yon widowed mother swooning,  
As she hears the thundering knell.

Scotchmen ! oft ye plow the ocean,  
Arm'd in wars your hearts disclaim ;  
And shall liberty's devotion  
Fail your ardour to inflame ?

Spain, ere now, has seen your valour,  
Bruce's heart then led the way ;  
Think that heart still goes before you,  
Think, and join the glorious fray.

## LXVII.

ON VISITING TINTERN ABBEY.—WORDSWORDTH.

---

FIVE years have passed ; five summers, with the length  
Of five long winters ! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs  
With a sweet inland murmur.—Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
Which on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view



These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard tufts,  
 Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
 Among the woods and copses, nor disturb  
 The wild green landscape. Once again I see  
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
 Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms  
 Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke  
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees,  
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem,  
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
 Or of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire,  
 The hermit sits alone.

Though absent long,  
 These forms of beauty have not been to me  
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :  
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din  
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,  
 And passing even into my purer mind  
 With tranquil restoration :—feelings too  
 Of unremembered pleasure ; such, perhaps,  
 As may have had no trivial influence  
 On that best portion of a good man's life,  
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
 To them I may have owed another gift,  
 Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,  
 In which the burthen of the mystery,  
 In which the heavy and the weary weight  
 Of all this unintelligible world  
 Is lightened ;—that serene and blessed mood  
 In which the affections gently lead us on,  
 Until the breath of this corporeal frame,  
 And even the motion of our human blood  
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
 In body, and become a living soul :  
 While with an eye made quiet by the power

Of harmony and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft,  
In darkness, and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless day-light; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye ! Thou wanderer thro' the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee !

And now, with gleams of half extinguished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again :  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food

For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was, when first  
 I came among these hills ; when, like a roe,  
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
 Wherever nature led : more like a man  
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
 And their glad animal movements all gone by,)  
 To me was all in all—I cannot paint  
 What then I was. The sounding cataract  
 Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,  
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
 Their colours, and their forms, were then to me  
 An appetite ; a feeling, and a love,  
 That had no need of a remoter charm,  
 By thought supplied, or any interest  
 Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,  
 And all its aching joys are now no more,

And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
 Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur ; other gifts  
 Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,  
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
 To look on nature, not as in the hour  
 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes  
 The still, sad music of humanity,  
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
 And the round ocean, and the living air,  
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;  
 A motion and a spirit, that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
 And mountains ; and of all that we behold  
 From this green earth ; of all the mighty world

Of eye and ear, both what they half create,  
 And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize  
 In nature, and the language of the sense,  
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
 Of all my moral being.

Nor, perchance,  
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay :  
 For thou art with me, here, upon the banks  
 Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest friend,  
 My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch  
 The language of my former heart, and read  
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while  
 May I behold in thee what I was once,  
 My dear, dear sister ! And this prayer I make,  
 Knowing that nature never did betray  
 The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,  
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead

From joy to joy ; for she can so inform  
 The mind that is within us, so impress  
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
 Rash judgements, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;  
 And let the misty mountain winds be free  
 To blow against thee : and in after years,  
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
 Thy memory be as a dwelling place  
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; Oh ! then,  
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts

( Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
 / And these my exhortations ! Nor perchance,  
 I If I should be where I no more can hear  
 7 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
 7 Of past existence, wilt thou then forget  
 ( That on the banks of this delightful stream  
 We stood together ; and that I, so long  
 I A worshipper of nature, hither came,  
 S Unwearied in that service : rather say  
 F With warmer love, oh ! with far deeper zeal  
 ( Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
 7 That after many wanderings, many years  
 7 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
 7 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
 ( More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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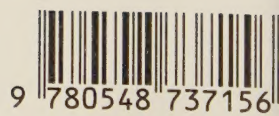








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